

Merry Christmas!

# *Abbey Student*

DECEMBER 1921      VOL. XXIX, No. 3

U. I. O. G. D.

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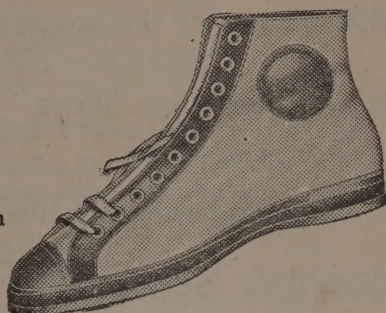
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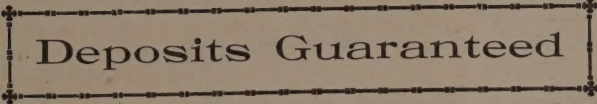


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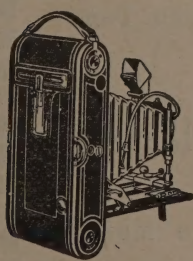
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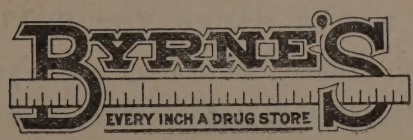
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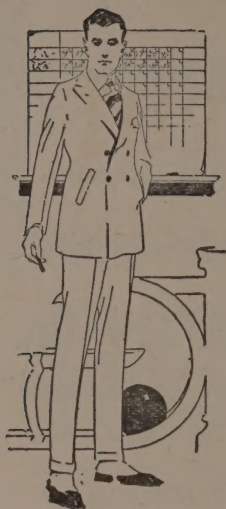
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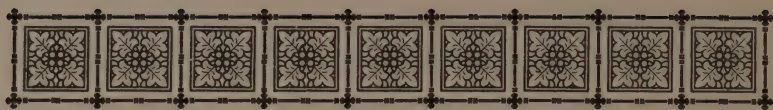
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## CHRISTMAS EVE

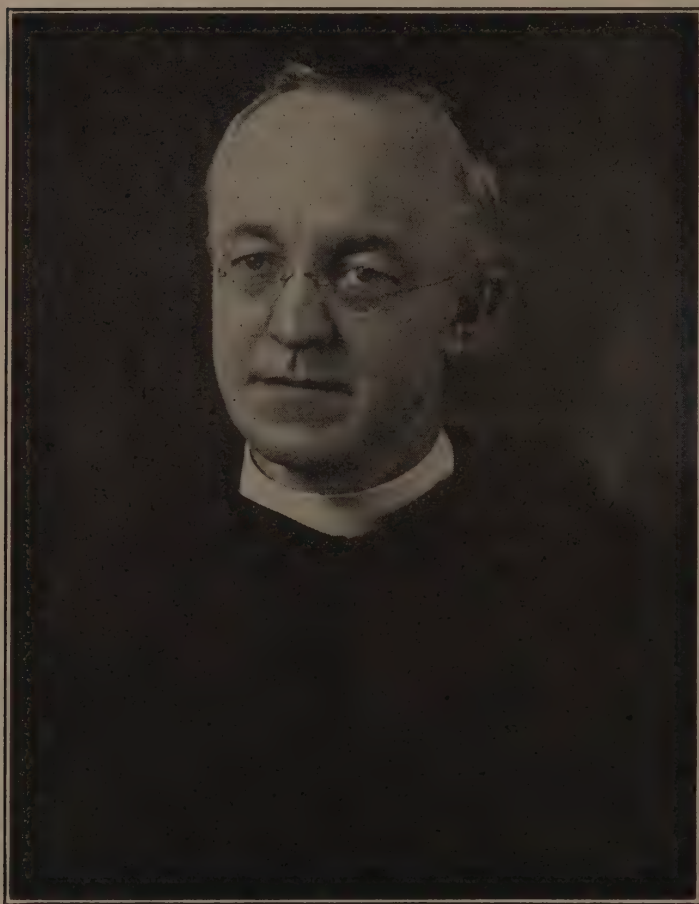
Upon the eve of Christmas  
My heart is always glad,  
Though many days of the past year  
Perhaps have made me sad.  
Their sorrow and their burden  
Go fleeing all away  
When Christmas bells chime on the eve  
Of Merry Christmas Day.

No more I hang my stocking  
As in the days of old;  
No more I fret lest Santa Claus  
May feel the winter's cold.  
Those childhood fears and fancies,  
Those boyish hopes and joys  
Are broken now, and vanished  
Like all my drums and toys.

But though these faery fancies  
From my old heart have fled,  
One joy remains—the dearest—  
Its blessed beam to shed:  
The picture of the Baby  
In Bethlehem's cave I hold,  
The Savior that I learned to love  
On Christmas Eve of old.—L.S.



FATHER MARTIN CHOSEN  
COADJUTOR ABBOT OF ST. BENEDICT'S



RIGHT REVEREND MARTIN VETH, O. S. B.

THE growth of St. Benedict's demands an assistant for Rt. Rev. Innocent Wolf, O. S. B., abbot of St. Benedict's and



president of our college. For more than forty years, Father Abbot has directed the institution with a firm and steady hand, but the wonderful progress of the last few years, and Father Abbot's age have made it desirable for him to have a helper in the government of St. Benedict's.

The unanimous choice of the sixty three members entitled to vote, Father Martin Veth, O. S. B., was elected to fill this important position. The election took place Thursday, November 10. At eight o'clock that morning, there was Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, that He might guide the chapter members in casting their ballots. After the Mass, the ordained members of the community repaired to the chapter room of the monastery for the balloting. According to the statutes of the American Cassinese Congregation of the Benedictine Order, the meeting was presided over by Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B., president of the congregation and abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J. At half past eleven, the Fathers returned to the Abbey Church, where a Te Deum of thanksgiving was intoned, after which the bells pealed forth the news far and wide.

In placing their confidence in Father Martin, the Fathers of the community have made an excellent choice and one, we feel, that will be a boon in St. Benedict's upward and onward march. For nearly a quarter century, Father Martin has been actively identified with the interests of the college and abbey and has proved himself a potent factor in their progress in the twenty-two years of his holy priesthood. He has held a number of positions of importance, and the faithful and successful manner in which he has discharged their duties has won the admiration of all, superiors, equals and inferiors alike. Ever willing to bear his share of the burden, Father Martin has submitted to this new responsibility which obedience has forced upon him.

Father Martin was born in Dettelbach, Bavaria, September 25, 1874. When ten years old, he came to Atchison with his parents and has since lived here, except during the four years spent in Rome and Switzerland. Atchison may well pride herself on this noble son, for her son he is. In his grade school

days, Father Martin attended the old St. Joseph's School at the corner of Second and Division Streets. Later on, having heard that call of calls, the vocation to the holy ministry, he entered St. Benedict's in 1888 and took up his secondary studies.

The new abbot-elect made his first vows on July 11, 1894. Already his extraordinary talents and piety had marked him for the great work that lay before him. In 1897 his superiors sent him to St. Anselm's College in Rome, the international college of the Benedictines, to make his theological studies. After pursuing his course in this college for more than three years, Father Martin was forced to go to Switzerland for his health. It was in the monastery of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, that he celebrated his first Holy Mass in the year 1899.

Father Martin is an able theologian. He holds the degrees of Licentiate of Theology and Doctor of Laws. Most of his labors in the past years have been in the theological department of the college. A number of the Fathers here at the college have made their final studies for entering the priesthood under Father Martin. He has taught Moral and Dogmatic Theology, Sacred Scripture, Canon Law, Liturgy and other branches with equal success.

Father Martin held the position of Socius, or Cleric Master from 1914 till the fall of 1920. During those years, Father Martin won the respect and esteem of those under his charge. Since 1906, he has been chaplain of Mount Saint Scholastica's Academy and Convent.

Despite his many cares, Father Martin has always found time to delve profitably into his favorite hobby, the reading of Dante. At present, he is conducting a very interesting and instructive course in the study of the great Florentine poet. The college students who have made use of the opportunity of taking this branch realize how thoroughly versed and interested Father Martin is in the *Divina Comedia*.

Official confirmation of the election from Rome was received Sunday morning, November 20. With this approval of Holy See, Father Martin was empowered to assume complete jurisdiction, with the right of succession. The date of the



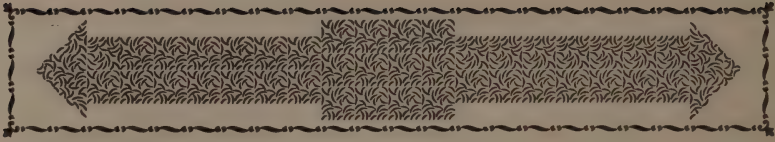
blessing of the new abbot has not been set, but it will be some time in the near future.

The *Abbey Student* tenders Father Martin sincerest congratulations. May the new Abbot see the College and Abbey under his charge progress with great strides. May his years as the leader of St. Benedict's mark an unprecedented success in that educational development which in the past he and his confreres have striven so untiringly to perfect. We hope and pray that God will continue to shower those blessings upon Father Abbot Martin which have so marked his priestly career. Much as we hate to lose him as one of the senior professors of the college, we exult in his election to the new office to which duty calls him, and submit to our loss as willingly as he did to this new burden. Welcome, Father Martin, Coadjutor Abbot of St. Benedict's! **AD MULTOS ANNOS!**—*Bernard A. Sause*

#### IN ILLO DIE

Sweet day of days when I have won that crown,  
The richest that can grace a mortal brow!  
Though years of toil and study bow me down,  
That day, though far away it seems just now,  
Will bring a joy, a recompense for all.  
Oh, all I hope is that when this day dawns,  
And I upon an humble altar call  
My God, to whom the universe belongs,  
I less unworthy be Him to adore.  
Then grant thy beacon light, O Faith, to shine  
Abroad amongst a faithless world; and more:  
Fair hope, thy tender toils round Heaven twine;  
And charity, thou Queen of all the court above,  
Fill then my gladsome heart with purest love!

—W. M.



## WHEN SANTA CAME TOO LATE

*Bernard A. Sause*

"KEEP your ranks till you get to the street corner, children. Johnnie Jones! Stop that talking." Sister Margaret brushed her way along the ranks of the little tots of St. Ambrose's School as they filed their way out of the big edifice. "Be back in time to serve the late Mass, William. Here, quit that pushing!"

Father Charles, the young assistant of the large parish watched this little scene with something of a faint smile on his face. Perhaps he was thinking of the happy days when he, too, had been marshalled about under the care of the good Sisters. Maybe it was merely a passing impulse of the joyous season that had escaped him.

He stood there at his post, as was his Sabbath Day custom, nodding friendly toward some, speaking to others, with a ready smile for all. Everyone liked Father Charles. An almost boyish enthusiasm forced him to take a great interest in his parishoners. Among the young men that weekly congregated at the curbing in front of the Church, he was a whole souled member. It was to him that the young ladies of the parish appealed when their activities needed coaching. His kindly and respectful manner in his dealings with the older people made him a favorite in their circles.

"Good morning, Mrs. Flaherty. Looks as though we're going to have a white Christmas after all, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does, Father," was the barely audible answer, as the full blast of a snow laden gust caught the pinched and drawn face of the slight little person. "I always like a good snow for Christmas week. It seems so much more like Christmas."



With that, the priest's attention was diverted into other channels and the sorrowful looking lady in black wended her way through the crowds and directed her daintily careful steps along the snow broken path in front of the rectory. There was a tart wince in her expression, which hinted at youthfulness, although the unseen Monster, old age, had already marked her as one of his victims. She glanced in neither direction, keeping her eyes on the path before her. She seemed out of place, in a certain sense. Ladies were chatting and giggling on every side. Even women beyond Mrs. Flaherty's age boldly defied the elements and chatted on with all the vim of the proverbial sewing circle.

"I knew I would catch up with you, Mrs. Flaherty," panted a chubby youngster of twelve, as he kicked his way through the snow to a place beside the old lady. "I was helping our fellows in a snow fight out there in the street. This is just the right kind of snow for making snow balls."

"Oh, it's you, Frankie." Mrs. Flaherty looked about suddenly, in the manner of one who has been interrupted in the course of one's thoughts. "Why, where have you been, child? Your stockings are soaking wet. Run ahead of me in the path. You will catch your death of cold."

It would have required no profound character study to have learned that the boy did not like the idea of being "babied around" in this fashion. Obedient to the letter, however, he followed the command, tripping along in the carefree manner typical of children of his age. But he took care never to venture out of earshot of his companion's soft voice, stopping every few yards to retrace some of his ground.

"Santa Claus will be here in eight more days, wont he, Mrs. Flaherty? Daddy said so this morning."

Unnoticed to her extremely youthful companion, a pained expression rose to the surface of the lady's face at the mention of "Daddy." Frankie was too absorbed in his present joys and in the anticipation of the long looked for Christmas to have noticed anything seriously out of the way.

"Yes, Frankie. What is he going to bring you?"

"I have asked for a train and some building blocks and a gun like Billie Smith's."

"Well, be a good boy, and you will get them. Now hurry home and change those stockings before you take cold."

After a rather impatient tugging at a snow banked gate, she directed her steps toward the unpretentious little cottage that was commonly designated among the parishoners as "Widow Flaherty's place." It was nothing to be proud of, to be sure, but it was a home for the poor old soul—much more a home than some of the fine structures that lined either side of the street nearby.

"Widow Flaherty" held something of an air of mystery about herself. She associated very little with the other ladies of St. Ambrose's. Just why, no one seemed to know, and no one seemed to care. She held herself apart from her surroundings with that polite and simple aloofness of one upon whom patiently borne grief and a spirit breaking sorrow have stamped their indelible marks. She made and encouraged very few advances toward the friendship of others. Her life was a simple observance of those duties that her state demanded of her, and rarely did she deviate from its regular path.

But there was something about the unassuming personage that demanded a reflective thought from most of the persons that noticed her. It wasn't her manner, for she was meekness itself. It wasn't a thing external, for her dress—though shabby and worn—her bearing, her distant, pleasant appearance, all formed a unity that would have passed unnoticed, even among the elite of St. Ambrose's. Frankie Burke had discovered this something, and he cherished it, as only a boy can cherish a prize. Perhaps no one since Mr. Flaherty's death, ten years previous, had been so frequent and so welcome a visitor as the little fellow from the "big white house up the street."

In every respect, Frankie Burke was a typical twelve year old American school boy. He was a popular and lively figure among St. Anthony's "sixth graders." He contributed largely toward making all the adventurous undertakings of his classmates successful. In the outbreaks of deviltry that kept Sister Margaret on the alert, he was sometimes overgenerous



in his contribution and frequently merited treatment with the rod. But such was the routine of grade school existence, and Frankie submitted to it with all the nonchalance that his stage and state of life permitted. Sometimes he pouted over his punishments, but the following morning always found him with his "shining morning face," unwilling, in his boyish way, to patronize the local institution of learning, but happy none the less.

The friendship that had sprung up between Frankie and Mrs. Flaherty was no less well grounded than it was extraordinary. Frankie liked Mrs. Flaherty; he liked her pies; and cookies; he liked the stories that the old lady told him; in fact, he liked anything with which Mrs. Flaherty was connected. A number of his playmates inwardly disapproved of his frequent visits to his sanctum. Occasionally, his daily visit to Mrs. Flaherty's proved something of a detriment to their sports. But his fellows had too much respect for a pair of pudgy little "haymakers" to voice their sentiments in his presence.

Frequently when he would return home late from school, he would explain to his parents that he had gone to the store for Mrs. Flaherty, or had spent the time at her house. The parents always seemed satisfied with this explanation, and thus the friendship continued unmolested.

There was just one big drawback to the complete happiness of the Burke family. The three children were strong, healthy youngsters, Frankie already doing well in school. Mr. Burke was the proprietor of one of the large drug stores in the downtown district, and he and his wife had everything in a material way that could possibly have made their children and themselves happy. Perhaps, it would have been better had they not been so well blessed with material goods. Had Mr. Burke still been clerking for the Mize Wholesale Drug Company, and still making payments on the little house in Fourth Street, he might not have forgotten his God and his religion. In the prosperity of his commercial pursuits, he had forgotten the precepts that long years ago he had learned at the feet of a now

dead and little thought of mother. For four long years, Maurice Burke had not seen the inside of a Church. Religion meant nothing to him.

Mrs. Burke bore this burden bravely. She hoped and prayed, but no light seemed to brighten the future. Long, long ago, she had given up hope in persuasion. She knew that if ever Maurice Burke came back to the Church, it would have to be through some more favorable means than she had succeeded in devising. Kind and considerate in other things, when reproached for his religious indifference, Burke was obstinacy in human form. The very words "religion" and "sacraments" seemed to arouse the devil hatred within his breast.

Mr. Burke's loss of Faith was a common topic among the giddy-gaddy gossipers whose principal Sunday pastime is to congregate on the Church steps after services and exchange rumors and opinions. His faithful wife knew this and it added an extra pang of sorrow. It was difficult for her to take her place at early Mass every Sunday, in that very pew where for long years Maurice had knelt regularly beside her. She never went to High Mass for she could not bear to face so many of her acquaintances alone. It was difficult for her to take a place in the parish societies, knowing that when she turned her back, she was a subject of criticism for wagging tongues.

It was natural for Frankie, too, despite his youthful years, to feel that there was a void in his life. Something was missing. The father who neglects the religious training of his children is scarcely deserving of the name father. Like his mother, the boy bore the matter in silence, but not with the same characteristic patience. The whole affair affected him sorely. He set about gaining his father back to the Church with all the philosophy of the greatest philosopher on earth—the boy who hasn't outgrown the "why" and "how" stage. Unlike his mother, he let no chance slip by that might mean a furtherance of his cause. Sometimes his zeal merited a stinging rebuke from his parent. He had tried every means within the ken of a school boy, and yet, every attempt had proven disastrous.



Mrs. Flaherty, in her conversations with the interesting little chap, had soon learned the facts about the father's falling away from the Church and of Frankie's viewpoint in the matter. The lad had unwittingly divulged many of the very family secrets that his mother had charged him to guard. He spoke much more openly to this kindly old lady than he did to his own mother. He interpreted his mother's silence as a lack of interest, while Mrs. Flaherty was thoroughly aggressive. She prescribed certain pious exercises for him in behalf of the father. Frankie willingly cast aside his boyish dislike for the kneeling posture and followed Mrs. Flaherty's prescribed course as though he were intent upon taking the whole heavenly court by storm. The old lady held a wonderful influence over the boy. In any matter, "Frankie, we'll go fifty-fifty in this" was all that was necessary to win his whole souled co-operation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday morning found Frankie dull in his classes and very listless over his books. There was nothing strikingly unusual about this. Monday morning was always "Blue Monday" on Frankie's calendar, but this particular day, there was something wrong. Even at the noon recess, he failed to shake off his drowsiness. To the boisterous injunction, "C'mon, Frankie, let's have a snowball fight with those eighth graders," he merely replied:

"Don't bother me, Jimmie. I'm sicker 'n a dog."

This plea, so unlike the mischievous rascal that the more timid boys of the school looked upon as a sort of demigod, was accompanied by such facial expressions as rendered his words so effective that the other boys immediately forsook him and took to the playgrounds.

The afternoon wore on slowly enough for all, but Frankie inwardly assured himself that it would never come to an end. Before the Catechism period was half finished, he had been reprimanded twice for inattention. At recess, Sister Margaret found him huddled over his desk at the rear of the room (the most advantageous site in the boy's strategic viewpoint).

Rather surprised to find Frankie Burke, above all others, spending the recess in this manner, the nun approached him rather more gently than she might otherwise have done.

"Really, Frankie, you're getting awful in class. Why don't you pay better attention? You should be outside with the other boys now, so that you could do better studying in this last period. You know only girls stay indoors on this kind of a day."

"I know, S'ter, I would, but I'm feelin'—I'm sick."

The nun placed her hand on the boy's forehead, but withdrew it quickly. She at once became alarmed. He had a high fever, and she could see that he was really sick.

"Do you think that you could walk home, Frankie, or do you want me to call your mother? I'll send Jimmie Condon home with you. Next time, ask to go home when you are not feeling well."

Jimmie Condon, the lad delegated to escort Frankie home, was a worthy choice. As they wended their way slowly through the streets—Jimmie was in no hurry to report back to his place in the ranks of the spelling class—he made the journey as pleasant as possible with vivid descriptions of the day's "doings" on the playgrounds. Frankie evinced little interest in his friend's prattle. He wanted to get home as soon as possible.

"Gee, I sure wish I was in your boots, Frankie," as they neared the big Burke residence. "If you stall right, your ma won't make you go back to school till after Christmas. Three weeks vacation! Oh, boy!"

"Oh, I'll be all right, Jim. I don't like to stay in the house so much. I almost died last year when I had the mumps, because old Doctor Williams wouldn't let me go out at all. Maybe if I'm feeling better I'll be back to school in the morning."

When Frankie entered the house, he was rather surprised to find Doctor Williams, the family physician, in consultation with his mother in the hallway. Billie and Marie, the younger members of the family were standing respectfully by, their big blue eyes focussed on the physician.



"Sh—h—" Billie's finger crossed his lips in warning, as Frankie approached the scene. "Don' make no noise. Daddy's sick," pointing to the hallway that led upstairs.

"It looks like a very serious case of diphtheria, Mrs. Burke. It's strange that he did not complain till this morning."

"School out already, Frankie?" asked Mrs. Burke, in an effort to conceal her surprise as she noticed Frankie.

"No, mam, School isn't out yet, but Sister sent me home. I have been sick all day."

"Sit down here a minute, my boy." The doctor placed a chair beside a small stand in the hallway. He saw that the boy was really ill.

"Let's feel your pulse. H'm. Got a pretty bad fever, haven't you," as he took his hand from Frankie's throbbing forehead. "Got a headache?"

"Yes, sir, right here," indicating a line over the eyes.

"Guess we'll have to put you to bed for a few days to get you in shape for Santa Claus," as he divested Frankie of his outer garments and led the way to the boy's room. "What's Santa going to bring you? My boy asked for enough things to run Santa Claus out of business." Doctor Williams proved himself no novice in the art of asking irrelevant questions by way of disposing of the time while Mrs. Burke prepared the boy's bed.

"You'll have to take mighty good care of that boy for a week or so, Mrs. Burke," when they were once more in the hallway. He has a very high fever now. I wouldn't let the other children go near him. There aren't any symptoms yet, but the case may develop into anything. I'll be back to see him after supper. In the meantime, give Mr. Burke the medicine that I left, at regular intervals."

The four days that followed nearly drove Mrs. Burke to desperation. She had fought the fight bravely, but the effects were commencing to tell on her. Frankie's case had reached the critical point, and not once now, did the mother leave his bedside. Though still confined to his room most of the time, Mr. Burke received the doctor's permission to visit his son's

chamber once in a while. Not once when the father had been to see Frankie, had the boy been able to recognize him. A deep, almost death inspired silence had fallen over the household. Even Billie and little Marie seemed to realize that something dreadfully awful had taken place. Never a whimper was heard from the nursery, and when the children were brought for a few minutes to Brother's room, they stood silently by, seeming to share, in a small degree, the worry that the parents manifested.

All day Friday, Frankie lay there on his bed, totally unconscious. In his delirium, he would frequently toss about on his bed, mumbling unintelligible sounds to himself. Everything that could have given the boy the least comfort, or that would have helped the case in the least, had been attended to. Doctor Williams, unable to make any progress in the case, had referred the anxious parents to Doctor Matthews, the noted specialist. The services of a trained nurse from St. Ann's Hospital had been secured—and still, all science seemed baffled in its efforts to check the effects of the disease.

The scene of the sickroom on Friday night was one of sadness beyond description. To one side of the bed, Mrs. Burke remained in a kneeling posture, her care-marked worried face intently riveted on the feverish form before her. At times, she would brush back the hair from the forehead that was covered with beady sweat. That seemed to give her some consolation. By her side, sat the father, his head drooping dejectedly from his stooped shoulders. He was the very picture of despair. He looked like one who has centered all his ambition and effort on some prize, and then lost everything. He had nothing to comfort himself. On the opposite side of the bed, the physicians were intent upon every movement that the boy made: every rise and fall of his breast was marked. Hour after hour had passed by without any perceptible change. The specialist shook his head in a doubtful manner and turned to Doctor Williams by his side.

"Well, the little fellow can't keep up at this rate much longer. There'll have to be a break soon—one way or the



other. Either the boy's constitution will have to play a heroic part, or he will have to give in. Wait—what is that?"

He bent down close to Frankie's pillow. The boy was mumbling something, showing more vitality than had been apparent for some time. For a minute or so, Doctor Matthews remained in this position, and then turned to the parents.

"Do you know anyone by the name of Mrs. Flaherty? The boy is asking about her—and is also talking about his Christmas toys."

"Never mind, darling. Speak to mother like a good boy. What is it that you want? Mother will do anything for you, Frankie."

But the boy had dozed off once more into his unconscious state and all the pleadings of the mother failed to bring a reply to his lips. Mr. Burke had lifted his head hopefully at the doctor's announcement, but now he once more assumed his former position.

"Who is this Mrs. Flaherty that the boy is asking about?" persisted the specialist.

"Mrs. Flaherty? Oh, she's some old lady that lives down the street," answered the father. "Frankie used to go down to her house every day and run errands for her."

"Well, I'm going to send for her." Then turning to Doctor Williams, "The boy may be able to recognize her. Something must be done to break this spell of unconsciousness, before the fever gets the better of the boy."

"I know where the old lady lives, and I am going for her now," as he rose and prepared to leave the room.

To all this Mrs. Burke said not a word. Her whole attention was centered on the boy who lay there on the bed before her.

Mrs. Flaherty looked about shyly as she entered the room. The quiet manner in which she tiptoed across the room emphasized the silence that pervaded the house. The old lady seemed surprised to find the parents and attendants thus gathered about the bed of her little friend. She had heard that Frankie was sick, but had no idea that it was a matter of life and death.

She walked over to the side of the weeping mother and placed her arm about her. She then turned to Doctor Williams.

"Is the case so very serious as this, Doctor?" in a whisper that was audible to the physician alone. "I had heard that the boy was sick, but had no idea that it was so dangerous as this."

"Yes, Mrs. Flaherty. It is a serious case. If the boy pulls through this evening, he has a fair chance. At present, there is little hope for him. Speak to him and try to get him to talk to you."

The old lady bent over the boy's form and brushed the hair back from his brow.

"Frankie, Frankie—Don't you know Mrs. Flaherty?"

For some minutes the boy lay there as if dazed, but he soon looked around and repeated Mrs. Flaherty's name.

"Here I am. What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Flaherty! I have been asking for you to come up to see me all day. I have been sick the last few days. Why are you crying, Mother—I'm all right."

Doctor Williams took a glass from the table and walked over to the bedside.

"How are you feeling now, my boy? Have you still got that headache? Here, take a sip of this water and you will feel better."

"I feel some better now, Doctor. There is an awful pain over my eyes. How's Daddy?"

"I'm all right, son."

Frankie slowly turned his eyes in the direction of his father. All this time, Mr. Burke had sat there at the side of the bed, watching his son and occasionally burying his face in his hands, as though driven to some important decision in a moment of desperation.

There was little sleep in the Burke household that night. Frankie frequently dozed off into fitful slumbers, but his parents, Mrs. Flaherty and the attendants guarded the bed relentlessly. About one o'clock in the morning, Frankie woke up and asked for Mrs. Flaherty. The old lady was sitting on a corner of the bed, talking in a low whisper with Mrs. Burke.

The boy's breath came in quick, short jerks and the doctors saw that there had been no improvement.

"Here I am, Frankie. Do you want a drink?" The boy took a small sup and then waved the glass aside.

"Mother, will you please call Father Charles? I feel very sick now and I want to go to confession."

The mother's tears burst forth afresh at this request. She motioned to the nurse, who was already on her way to telephone for the priest. Frankie's manner alarmed Mrs. Burke. Up till this time, the boy had kept up a strong fight against the fever that had attacked him, despite his dangerous illness. But now, even he seemed to lose courage.

Mrs. Flaherty was kneeling at the foot of the bed. What prayer she said, or for what intention, no one ever knew. Her lips moved slowly, devoutly. Once she extended her arms over the boy's bed and her whisper, now the only sound in the room, except Frankie's heavy breathing, was clear and distinct:

"—and if You require such a great sacrifice, take me—take me, my God, and spare the boy."

At this, she fell prostrate on the bedding. Mrs. Burke wept bitterly. Her husband seemed to choke once in a while, as though he were trying to hold his sobs in check.

"Daddy—" It was with great effort that the boy spoke now. The words seemed to catch in his throat. "Daddy,—won't you go to confession with me when Father Charles comes, please. It's the only thing that I ask of you—"

"Yes, Frankie, I'm going to confession with you in a few minutes. Now lie still, son, and make yourself comfortable."

When Father Charles entered the room, he saw that the doctors were making a final effort to save the child. When the priest put on the stole, everyone in the room, except Mr. Burke left. In a few minutes, Father Charles opened the door to the adjoining room and signalled for them to reenter.

With all kneeling about the boy's bed, the priest solemnly raised the Sacred Host and father and son received the Bread of Angels together. After that, Frankie's weakness became



more perceptible every minute. The doctors saw the end was near. Nothing could be done to help the boy. All at once, he gave one gasp, more violent than the rest, bolted upright in his bed—and the end had come. He was dead. Dear, gentle, noble Frankie was dead. Mrs. Flaherty caressed one of his hands and raised it to her lips as if to assure herself that there was still hope. Only one who has felt the void that follows Death, the sense of desolation, can realize the feeling that pervaded the room. The sacrifice was painful, but such is God's way—Frankie had fought the good fight—and won.

### DECEMBER EVENING

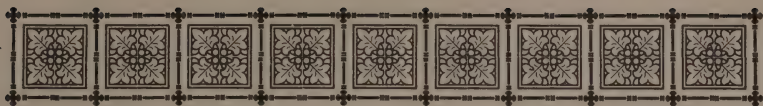
*Michael B. Hogan*

December's sun is setting  
Beyond the western hills,  
It makes a lovely picture,  
With joy my young heart fills.

The last fair lingering sunbeams  
Light up the winter sky  
In pretty glowing colors  
That are too soon to die.

There are bright shafts of crimson  
'Gainst columns of rich gold,  
And curtains of deep purple  
Too rich for earth to hold.

There's no skill in an artist  
To paint a scene so grand:  
It is eternal beauty  
From God's Almighty hand.



## MR. EDISON AND THE MEMORY

*Clarence Smith*

IN a recent lengthy interview, Mr. Edison, the renowned inventor and scientist, gave his opinion as to what is wrong with the educational world.

In the opinion of Mr. Edison, the student of today sees physically but registers no corresponding mental impression. Or having understood what he sees, lacks ability to retain the knowledge.

Shocked and surprised at the results of his much discussed and criticised questionnaire, Mr. Edison concludes that modern learning is wrong because it does not train the memory sufficiently. A rather broad and sweeping sentiment in face of all other factors to be considered. Mr. Edison claims that he asked nothing in his set of questions that college men had not at one time in their life learned or at least read. A college student of Latin reads the Aeneid in his freshman year, perhaps the first semester. Thereafter follow seven and one-half semesters fitted with other Latin authors, philosophy, science, sociology, history, and perhaps some intricate mathematics. And yet Mr. Edison used the first words of the Aeneid in his questionnaire and was surprised and chagrined that the student did not recognize them. And if the student had not the good fortune to read Virgil, as no doubt a large number have not, it was more surprising and amazing that he did not recognize the first lines of the Aeneid. In our own humble opinion, the cause for wonderment is not that most applicants did not recognize these lines, but that some of them did.

Far be it from us to decry Mr. Edison's method of acquiring employees. He should by all means acquire men that measure

up to his standard. And, indeed, if we were contemplating entering Mr. Edison's establishment, we should immediately begin memorizing our text-books. We wish only to inject the mild query, "Why attempt to convert the whole educational world to his standard?" Mr. Edison, being no doubt, a memorizing genius inclines toward the instincts of his clan in intolerance toward men of lesser memorizing ability. Statistics show that men who pass the Edison test made good in Edison's industries. An admirable example of an effect post hoc but, again reverting to our humble opinion, not necessarily propter hoc.

A professor once exhorted his pupils to learn a Latin poem by heart. As a reason for the learning, he pointed out the delights of a future meeting when all would stand up and in unison or individually recite the poem. This was little inducement for the pupils, but now, happily, the greater incentive may be added that some day they might take an examination for entering an Edison institution.

The memory is one of the most untrustworthy and treacherous faculties that man possesses. Ask the school boy reciting an elocution selection. Ask anyone trying to remember the details of past experience. As a man grows older, his memory faculties weaken. A man educated by memory will find that as he grows older, instead of becoming wiser, he is becoming more ignorant.

Mr. Edison objects that it would be a melancholy world if an expert had to run to a library every time he wanted to pass a judgment. So do we. But in making this statement, Mr. Edison seems to disregard any memory faculties. The memory is a fine thing and the best way of cataloguing knowledge. The memory is also capable of quite a bit of work, considering that it is a memory. When mere children, we learned some things by memory which we hope, for our own good, we shall retain until the end of our days. But to expect the average man gifted with an average memory, to do extraordinary memory work, is absurd and, in every day parlance, "it can't be done."



Seconding Mr. Edison in his educational plans, Mr. John Finley, known in American as well as European educational circles, vouches that Mr. Edison is correct. Mr. Finley says that it is unfair that to judge whether the noted questionnaire was valuable or not, unless it had been studied. But having admitted that he has not seen them, he states that if they were merely a memory test to find out how much of their studies the men had remembered, the test was fair enough, notwithstanding the fact that the questions were sufficiently absurd to provoke a wave of comic criticism, and to provide matter for numerous jokes and lists of foolish and ridiculous questions.

Mr. Finley, however, voices the true place that memory holds in educational faculties. He expresses the belief that "A memory keeping faithfully the most essential facts of human experience is the greatest of all assets in beginning an effective life."

Mr. Finley also cites examples that show that the memory can not be depended upon in all cases, but that it has individual peculiarities. He says that "some men remember people, some remember minerals, some remember machines. Men remember that in which they have a special interest."

Thus Mr. Edison is fully justified in his personal tests in so far that men who are interested in his line of work will remember facts along that line of work. But though the theory of a race of phenomenal memories sounds well, it will not be found to be the real test of a truly educated mind.

## THE LONG-VISAGED LOSER

*Clarence Smith*

There was once a student who decided that life at best was a very serious affair. Unable to take any other view of life, his outward appearance soon reflected his inner thoughts. He developed a physiognomy that would stop an eight-day clock the second day after winding. His was the kind of countenance that mothers point to when showing unruly youngsters how the

bogie man looks. Barbers were waiting patiently for him to develop something more than fuzz on his cheeks so that they could profiteer while shaving him. He always gave the impression that he was about to cloud up and snow all over some one.

Though unwilling to give much in the line of cheerfulness, this youth had an inward hankering for popularity. But his methods of procuring it! Athletics sent no thrill coursing up and down his spinal vertebrae. Any mixing with other men sent not his stern and sober heart palpitating in warm and effusive cheerfulness. His idea of getting in good with the crowd was to advertise his knowledge of his books. He could quote second aorists to a fare-you-well, give all obsolete, antiquated, and dilapidated forms of nouns and verbs and reel off mathematical formulas at a dizzying rate of speed. And still he wondered why the mob did not cater to his genius and present him a wreath of worship. His continual and unabating song was a dirge written in five flats whose theme was, "Learn the stuff in the textbook and let the rest of the world go hang." As the year progressed, his wail became louder and he thought he was getting in solid with the bunch. And he is still wondering why he wasn't elected class president

Moral: Popularity varies inversely as the length, directly as the breadth of the faces.



### THE U. S. NITRATE PLANT—MUSCLE SHOALS, ALABAMA

*J. H. Sloss, '88*

THINKING that a short description of the Muscle Shoals Nitrate Plant would not only be interesting reading to the professors and students, but that it would, as well, be a great help to the student, I have gathered the following data on the subject.

### Power House

The power house has a capacity of 135,000 horse power. It has the largest annual output of any steam power plant in the world. This power house contains the largest steam turbine ever built, having a capacity of 90,000 horse power. The steam is furnished by fifteen Sterling Boilers, with normal rating of 1,500 h. p. each. The plant under full load will consume 1500 tons of coal per day. It produces power more cheaply than most water power plants, and more cheaply than any steam power plant in existence.

240,000,000 gallons of water pass through the condensers in the summer for condensing the steam. 6000 tons of structural steel and about 5,000,000 brick were used in the construction.

A concise description of the process for manufacturing Ammonium Nitrate by the Cyanamid process.

There are five stages in the manufacturing of Ammonium Nitrate, viz.:

- 1) making carbide from lime and coke;
- 2) making cyanamid or lime nitrogen from carbide and nitrogen;
- 3) making ammonia gas from cyanamid or lime nitrogen;
- 4) making nitric acid from ammonia gas;
- 5) making ammonium nitrate from nitric acid and ammonia gas.

The processes of operation in this plant are as follows:

#### Carbide

In this plant, lime is made by burning limestone in rotary kilns. In large electric furnaces, this lime, mixed with crushed coke, is fused, making carbide.

#### Cyanamid, or Lime Nitrogen

The carbide is ground and heated by electric arcs in air tight furnaces, into which is pumped nitrogen gas, where the gas combines with the carbide under high temperature, producing cyanamid or lime nitrogen. The nitrogen gas, which is used in making cyanamid, is produced by compressing air into liquid



air, from which the oxygen is separated by distilling off the nitrogen gas.

### Ammonia Gas

Agitating pulverized cyanamid under steam pressure in high pressure cylinders, or autoclaves, a chemical reaction takes place, producing ammonia gas.

### Nitric Acid

Ammonia gas is mixed with air in proper proportions and forced through electrically heated platinum gauzes, known as catalyzers. Nitric oxide put under high temperature is the product of the resulting chemical reaction. This gas is cooled and brought into contact with water, by which it is absorbed, forming nitric acid.

### Ammonium Nitrate

Bubbling ammonia gas through nitric acid, the ammonia gas neutralizes, the nitric acid producing a salt in solution. The water of this solution is boiled off and the residue is agitated while being dried, producing a crystallized salt, which is ammonium nitrate. Ammonium nitrate is made from nitric acid and ammonia gas; the nitric acid being made from ammonia gas. Therefore, ammonium nitrate is produced entirely from ammonia gas, so that ammonium nitrate is a gas in crystal form.

### Capacity of Various Units

1) Plant: largest nitrate plant in the world to be successfully operated.

2) One of the three largest and successfully operated rotary lime kilns in the United States. Capacity, 700 tons per twenty-four hours.

3) Carbide Furnaces: Twelve carbide furnaces, each requiring 10,000 h. p. electric current to operate. Turns out 500 tons of carbide per twenty-four hours.

4) Oven Rooms: 1500 ovens— 1000 always in continuous operation. Requires 7,350,000 cubic feet of nitrogen gas per twenty-four hours.

5) Liquid Air: Largest high pressure air compressing plant in the world. The liquid air plant is five times larger than any other installation of its kind in existence. Nitrogen turned out at the rate of one half million feet per hour.

6) Ammonia Gas Plant: Biggest in the world, turning out 7,000,000 cubic feet of ammonia gas per twenty-four hours.

7) Nitric Acid Plant: Practically same size as plant at Old Hickory Government Powder Works, Nashville, Tennessee, built by Du Pont. Most efficient plant of which any record is known.

8) Ammonium Nitrate Plant: Each of the five Ammonium Nitrate houses has a capacity of 100 tons of finished Ammonium Nitrate.

### Plant Statistics

The first work was started November 26, 1917, and the plant put in operation on November 25, 1918. Average daily working force, 12,000 persons. The maximum daily force was 19,263, on August 8, 1918. Eight hundred masons were at work at one time under the same roof. Three thousand nine hundred and fifty seven carloads of material were used in the construction of the plant. There are 113 plant buildings, with an area of twenty-six acres. There are upwards of 1700 temporary buildings, covering an area of fifty acres.

The permanent buildings involved the use of approximately 19,000 tons of structural steel; 262,000 barrels of cement; 10,000,000 brick; 1,500,000 building tile; and 100,000,000 pieces of vitrified acid proof brick and tile.

There were 70,000,000 board feet of lumber used in the temporary and permanent buildings. There are more than 165 miles of water, sewer, steam, air, oil and miscellaneous piping, 45 miles of railroad track, a reservoir with a capacity of 65,000,000 gallons, covering 22 acres.

In addition to the above mentioned features, there is a trolley line, connecting the plant with Florence and Sheffield, and a water filtering plant of sufficient capacity to serve a city of a population of 30,000. One of the twenty-three mess halls seats 4,000 persons at one time, and is the largest mess hall in

the world. In this mess hall, 24,000 meals have been served in one day—750 gallons of soup prepared for one meal; 18 bushels of potatoes cooked in twenty minutes and two tons of meat cooked for one meal. One carload of meat of 30,000 pounds was used in two days. The camp bakery produces 13,000 loaves of bread, 1000 pies, 100 dozen cakes, 60 dozen cinnamon rolls, and 150 gallons of pudding in twenty-four hours. A train-load of 1000 men was served dinner in thirteen minutes, on ten minutes notice. More than 1000 hogs were raised on the waste from the mess halls. Nine hundred and sixty employees were engaged in preparing meals. One of the three barber shops had twenty-four chairs. The laundry washed 6000 blankets a day. The fire department has six miles of hose. The total camp population is 21,000.

#### A VISITOR

Into the home of my poor heart  
A king hath come to dwell;  
Hushed is my soul by His presence here;  
He will all my fears dispel.

He came not with pomp and splendor rich  
That earthly kings proclaim;  
He demanded of me no tribute of gold,  
Nor craved any worldly fame.

He came with the love of a Father kind:  
Christ was this Savior King,  
Bringing to me, who love Him, sweet joy,  
And He caused my heart to sing.

Under the species of bread and wine  
He comes with gifts of grace;  
In return He asks for my love most true,  
He will all my sins efface.

Great love of God for me poured out,  
O wondrous mystery,  
Please kindle in my poor, unworthy heart  
A burning love of Thee!

—A. M. S.





## THE FARMERS AND ARMENIA

"CAPPER'S WEEKLY," owned by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, has made a powerful appeal to its half million subscribers, mostly midwest farmers, to give their low-priced corn to the starving women and children of Armenia and the Bible lands, rather than burn it as fuel this winter. That the appeal has had telling effect is shown by the fact that not a bushel of corn has yet been burned by western farmers and that many inquiries are coming in daily to the Near East Relief as to how the corn can be shipped.

Here is the heart throb appeal put out by *Capper's Weekly*:

"While thousands of children in Armenia and the Near East are starving, farmers in the United States are talking of burning corn as fuel this winter, rather than sell it at the present low prices. It is a world tragedy that in Europe, children, innocent of any wrong, must pay the supreme penalty while in America food is being destroyed by flames. Only the exceptional farmer would be unwilling to shiver a little this winter to save the life of some starving boy or girl. A wagon load of corn will defeat starvation. And every bushel contributed to the mercy grain pool being raised by the Near East Relief, will take that much corn off the market tending to prevent further price reductions and perhaps eventually working toward an increase. Warmth from burning corn will not give much comfort if obtained at the cost of a child's life."

Many midwest farmers who threatened to burn their corn this winter on account of its low price and the high price of coal have changed their minds. If they cannot afford coal they

will burn wood or corn stalks. But they won't burn corn. They will shiver first.

The powerful appeal put forth by their tried and true friends showing that it would be a crime to destroy an important article of food when starving women and children in Armenia and the Bible lands are crying for it, has reached their hearts.

T. A. McNeal, editor of Senator Arthur Capper's *Kansas Farmer*, caused the farmers to "stop, look and listen" by recalling what happened when Kansas farmers in 1889 burned corn for fuel. He pointed out the disastrous economic effect at that time when no people anywhere were starving, and said it was inconceivable that farmers now would think of burning corn when it could be used in saving human lives.

"In 1889," says Mr. McNeal, "when Kansas produced the greatest corn crop in its history, the price of corn went down to ten cents a bushel and many farmers burned corn for fuel. Within eight months the price of corn was sixty cents a bushel. It would then have paid the farmers well to have borrowed money and bought coal rather than burn corn.

"Whenever a food product gets below the normal cost of production in price, there is certain to be a reaction and the price is likely to go as much above the normal as it went below. But there is another reason why in my opinion corn should not be burned for fuel. At the present time there are tens of millions of human beings starving. It does not seem right to burn good food when that is the case."

If the farmers of the United States would contemplate the following figures, they could not very well hesitate to give a portion of their grain crop to the Near East Relief now trying to raise 5,000,000 bushels of grain to feed the starving children in Southern Russia and Armenia.

On the basis of the present Government estimate of total wheat yield of 757,000,000 bushels with a carry-over from last year of 85,000,000 bushels, there will be a total domestic supply of wheat this season amounting to 842,000,000 bushels. If domestic consumption and the quantity set aside for next

year's seeding, amount to 600,000,000 bushels, there should be a surplus for export of some 200,000,000 bushels, with an allowance of 42,000,000 bushels for a safe carry-over. These figures in wheat alone show how infinitesimally small is 5,000,000 bushels of grain, compared to the amount gathered at this early date in the season's harvest.

Contemplating each of the several varieties of grain to be a close second to the wheat crop, except corn, which, even if it fell below last year's crop of 3,216,192,000 bushels, must of necessity be great; the 5,000,000 bushels of grain sought for alleviating the distress of the unfortunate refugees and orphan children in the Near East would hardly be missed.

After all, what is a wagon load of grain even out of a small harvest. No farmer would miss that much, but even if he did miss it we feel sure that he would be sport enough to get along somehow without it.

The shipment of corn to Armenia and the Bible lands by the Near East Relief is having a dual effect. It is saving the lives of thousands of starving women and children and it is building a future market for the corn and corn products of the midwest.

A report of the arrival and distribution of the 4,400 ton cargo of "Farmers' Gift Corn" has just been made by the Director General of the Caucasus Branch of the Near East Relief of Tiflis. The shipment was made on the "Datchet" from the Port of New Orleans. It arrived at its destination in the interior of Armenia in fine shape. There was no loss at all.

"It was the first known introduction of corn products into the Caucasus," writes the director general at Tiflis, "and already several inquiries have been received from local soviet governments as to the possibility of arranging for direct purchases in the United States of large quantities of corn meal and flour for use in their government institutions.

"The corn gifts and flour have been issued to all districts and from reports received they bid fair to outrival wheat flour in popularity for food. The hominy grits make an excellent



cooked vegetable, so badly needed by the undernourished orphans and thousands of refugees, facing starvation in the Caucasus."

Another notable feature is that the donors can be shown that every bushel of corn reached the mouths of those for whom it was intended. The expense of haulage and handling was borne by the relief associations so that the gift by the farmers' organizations was 100 per cent efficient. The gift corn saved thousands of peoples' lives, especially starving children who were given first consideration.

Near East Relief officers in charge of the Farmers' Gift Corn campaign hope to rush other shipments before winter sets in so as to tide the starving women and children over until spring. It will take 5,000,000 bushels of corn to care for the starving this winter. Midwest farmers, alone, could donate that much and never miss it.



# Abbey Student

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ABBEY STUDENT,  
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**Congratulations!**—It was with no small pleasure that the student body received the news of Father Martin's election to the office of coadjutor abbot of St. Benedict's. As a professor in the college department, Father Martin has won a large host of friends among his charges. Though his duties do not bring him into contact with many of the boys, his kind manner has placed him high in their regard. In the name of St. Benedict's, we tender him our sincerest wishes that success will crown his every effort in the discharge of the duties of his new office, and we hope that God will continue to shower those blessings upon our new superior that have already marked his career. We are with you, Father Martin, heart and soul. *Ad Multos Annos*.—B. A. S.

**Greetings Of The Season**—Christmas, the season of joy and good wishes, the most welcome day of all the year—for the student—is close at hand once more. Despite the valuable lessons in concentration that we have had thrust on us in the course of the last three months, our minds have detoured occasionally in the direction of the approaching holidays. After all we're merely human, and it's only natural that we should look forward to our trip home. Some of our future rapid calculators have devoted much of their leisure time recently in figuring, to the second, how much longer their exile is to last. But the end is now near, and but a few days separate us from the pleasure of tasting Mother's cooking once more.

The staff sincerely hopes that not only the smaller Juniors but every student in the college will have a most pleasant vacation. To all our other friends, benefactors, victims—and even our enemies—we extend our fondest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—*B. A. S.*

**Support A Clean Press**—Good news for those interested in the progress of the Catholic press! The subscription price of the *Daily American Tribune* has recently been reduced from eight to six dollars per year. The success that this paper has met with in the last few years has been nothing short of phenomenal. Starting as a weekly publication a few years ago, under able management, the paper became successively tri-weekly and daily. This headway was made in the face of the most adverse of circumstances. The editors saw the imperative need of a Catholic daily, and their efforts were untiring till they realized their ideal. The *Daily American Tribune* is a paper in a class all of its own. It is the only Catholic daily published in the English language in this country. It gives the news "straight from the shoulder," showing no partiality. It holds a deep interest for everyone that wishes to keep up to the minute in the latest news. It offers a thorough digest of all the leading current events, Catholic and secular; it has departments that will benefit the business man, a sport page that will keep the most ardent enthusiast in touch with athletic activities, and a special department that keeps the "kiddies" on the lookout for the mailman. If you are seeking a good investment, and one that will benefit Catholic activities throughout the country, we earnestly suggest a subscription for the *Daily American Tribune*, of Dubuque, Iowa.—*B. A. S.*

**A Retrospect**—The first quarter of the year's work is now history. The historical data have been mailed to the parental



domicile. They are likewise concealed in the dean's office for future reference, to be made along about the first of June. It's impossible to blot out the past. They have you going and coming. If you have a record for only twenty per cent in Greek, the only thing to do is to "grin and bear it like a man" and do better next quarter. If you have a poor standing for the past quarter, live down the past. If you're fortunate enough to be in the ranks of those whose notes sounded like the fiscal report of the Commerce Trust Company, live up to the good work.—B. A. S.

**Welcome, Rambler!**—At last the Abbey Student has a helpmate in shouldering the responsible burden of keeping St. Benedict's followers informed. The *Rambler*, our new college newspaper, made its first appearance November 1. When we say **newspaper**, we mean to include everything that a newspaper should be. The little bi-weekly is news from the head lines of the first column to the bottom of the last. The paper has adopted the slogan, "If it's college news, it's in the *Rambler*," and we thoroughly agree with them, if we may judge from the three issues that have seen the light of day. There has not been a student found in the college that has not read every word of the *Rambler*. The editorial staff is composed exclusively of college men, and they promise to put the news into your hand in first class fashion. The need of a paper on the *Rambler's* style has long been felt at the college. It is impossible for a magazine like the Abbey Student to treat its subscribers to all the current events in "hot cake" fashion. The Abbey Student made no claims toward newspaper laurels. Besides a literary magazine, there was an urgent demand for a newspaper. Record files of the *Rambler* are being preserved, and should make interesting reading for future generations. Keep up at the pace that you have set, *Rambler*.—B. A. S.

**The 1921 Football Season**—The moleskins have once more been confined to intimate quarters with moth balls. Not till next September will they again be called into action. They have done their duty—almost as well as the players that filled them. Captain Baker and his men have added the second chapter to St. Benedict's football biography—and a very interesting history it is. The entire squad deserves credit for their work during the season. Throughout every game, Baker's men exhibited sportsmanlike conduct and a consideration for their opponents—as far as was compatible with the idea of the game—that has won many a favorable comment. That's the

spirit we want to see at St. Benedict's. Much of the team's success is due to Father Malachy's able and untiring coaching. He drilled his men carefully and steadily, and—but in the business world, as they say, results speak for themselves. With Fr. Malachy on the coaching end of the proposition, it is little to be wondered at that the season was a success.—*B. A. S.*

**For Whomever The Shoe Fits—** During the past three months, the *Abbey Student* staff has fallen heir to a great deal of criticism. Some of it was beneficial, the kind that we need and appreciate, and we heartily thank our friends for the interest that they have taken in our work. Other was—well, we have borne it with the patient shrug of a Shylock and have redoubled our efforts to please our readers. But when a person reads an article for no other ostensible purpose than to find fault, we think that it is about time to draw the line. Even Job would revolt at this. To be frank and to the point, we're tired and thoroughly disgusted with the chronic "Belly Acher" who favors us with some of his opinions at every turn. We think that we can manage this paper without the least assistance from his direction. He is a menace to any society, and sad to say, he is altogether too prominent locally. His song resounds from the four corners of the campus. He is not satisfied with the football team, the meals don't suit him, this is wrong and that is out of place; in fact, he is pleased with nothing but himself. "If I were doing that I would—" But please, Mr. Crabber, you have done entirely too much already. The most advisable thing that you can possibly do is to give us a much needed rest. Thanks in advance.—*B. A. S.*

**Dramatics.**—In these days of hurly-burly rushing to and fro, in the mad welter to get the greatest variety of training to fit all possible chances in future life, there is one feature in mental and physical culture that is somewhat neglected too grossly. In the great hubbub of studies rushing by, perhaps making an impression, perhaps not, a small but insistent voice pipes out and requests an audience. This small voice that has piped at all times with varying degrees of success belongs to that great study whose aim is self-control, dramatics.

Seemingly, dramatics have suffered a slump in the market. The curtailment of the demand has shortened the production and dampened the interest. Where the boyhood ambition used to be to get on the stage and show his mettle, we now have youths to whom play-work is a nauseating drudge dreaded with

the same vast fear as the memorizing of an immense Greek vocabulary. Where Caesar used to bleed a dozen times and gave his life's blood freely, he now has to be dragged to the slaughter and even then begrudges the tiniest drop of life-giving fluid.

Little do people realize the great benefits of dramatics. It gives control of mental and physical powers, develops quickness and ingenuity of thought and makes one immune from the violent quaking of knees occasioned by a meager amount of appearance before an audience. Beneficial results cannot but be obtained from the learning of the lines, the collection of new thoughts, the knowledge of how different men act in different crises.

By an intimate knowledge of the lives of other men, we gain pointers on correct behavior during our own life which after all is nothing but one large drama.

It is not always the biggest note that produces the best results. The bass horn with its deep notes serves no better purpose than to fill the melody made by its weaker but much more tuneful and pleasing brothers. And while many new subjects are dinning in our ear that they are to be sought after, it might be well to listen more attentively to that small piping voice which through ages has persistently and incessantly reminded us that "The play is the thing."—C. E. S.

"That Literary Light, 'The Abbey Student' ".—The Atchison correspondent for a certain Catholic weekly published in Kansas City is getting quite facetious of late. Referring recently to the appearance of the new S. B. C. bi-weekly, *The Rambler*, he consoles his readers with the news that the new publication will in no way affect "that literary light, *The Abbey Student*." The said correspondent ought to be careful. His flippant way of referring to a venerable organ like the A. S. is characteristic of our sad times when people are losing respect for all that is dignified and conservative. Things seem to be going to the bow-wows fast enough. Why does this Atchison news-gatherer hasten society's ruin by hurling such bang-up innuendo at an ancient, though somewhat reactionary organ of student opinion.

Again, he should remember that though the *Abbey Student* is old and somewhat behind the times in general tone, its staff is composed of youths who lack that seasoning and maturity (we almost said sophistication) of well-read critics of letters like himself. His sarcasm is somewhat too harsh a reminder



to these well-meaning youngsters that they are but striplings in that awful race for the literary distinction which he has himself attained. Poor Johnny Keats, they say, was sent to an untimely grave by critics who could not appreciate his immortal work. Does this stony-hearted newspaper correspondent wish to run the risk of sending some of our young American literary aspirants to Davy Jones by such severe language as that quoted above? Have a heart!—*L. S.*

**Hand Writing.**—What is it that a man possesses that he thinks is the best on earth, but which his fellow creatures may consider abominable? Easy; his hand writing. There is probably nothing that an average man takes more pride in and less pains to develop than his hand writing. Notwithstanding the fact that writing plays nearly as great a part in life as speaking, the lack of care taken to produce a pleasing script is shameful. From the time one laboriously traces the word "cat" to the time that he propounds heavy theses and rambling essays, writing plays a large part in expression. But oftentimes the penmanship in the theses is no more artistic and at times infinitely more illegible than the first memorable attempt at orthography.

The pitiable phase of the case is that the hen-scratching writer cannot be convinced that he imitates the feathered folk of the barnyard in his scriptic antics. To him, his penmanship realizes all ideals to be sought for, and conforms admirably to all the recognized rules of picturesque writing. The poor writer cannot be bullied into changing his style of writing. Entreaties that would melt the point on the end of his pen make no impression on his adamant feelings. On the contrary, if he is in any way irascible, he will request the critic to do one of two things: either to review his alphabet to learn the difference between "a" and "o", or to visit an oculist and be fitted with glasses to increase accuracy of inspection.

There is one kind of writing that according to popular consent seems to be better as it becomes worse. This is the personal signature. According to the universal opinion, the more illegible a signature is, the better is the signature. The function of most signatures is to convey the idea of anything but the name it represents. Our personal solution of this tendency is that people consider the peculiar signature a protection against forgery. But the rest of our personal opinion, is that it fails even in this respect. Anyone by merely placing a pen on paper and developing a sudden case of acute hysteria

can imitate any average signature. On the other hand, any self-respecting crook that sees a well-written signature will either faint or suspect a trap and apply his energy to other fields.

As far as we are concerned, being susceptible to slams and adverse criticisms, we have long ago resorted to the typewriter to do any work that we expect others to read; but we still maintain the right to write our signature the way we want to.

—C. E. S.

**Diaries.**—One of the greatest sources of pleasure that comes into the ordinary life is the keeping of a diary. Not the mere jotting down day by day of events of everyday routine, but the recording of the high spots in one's adventures, the marking of the mile stones in one's life. There are diaries and diaries. The cut and dried diary that says "I went to school this morning and was late," or "We had chicken for dinner" is not the kind to be encouraged. But an honest-to-goodness diary that tells of the thrills, the adventures, the achievements of a lifetime is a treasure not to be parted with. Such a diary is a friend when all other friends fail. It consoles, enlivens, pities, and condemns as the mood requires or dictates. With it we renew old acquaintances, live again the spirited ventures of a by-gone day, laugh at our old selves, pity or praise the new, and in general give ourselves an emotional treat at every reading.

For the less sentimental and more practical people, the diary sharpens criticisms, fosters quick and accurate judgment, improves the fascinating powers of description and narration and gives us a chance to know ourselves as we never know without it.

It is never too late to start a diary. If you have not already started one, begin now. If an incentive other than personal gratification is necessary, be it known that a diary is an invariable requisite of a truly great man. Do it now, and you will never regret it.—C. E. S.



# EXCHANGES

C. E. Smith      T. A. Quigley

The writers for the *Villa Sancta Scholastica* have a very winsome, pleasing and yet firm and convincing way of expressing themselves. The writings possess a certain element, very much human. Neither are the writers afraid to express an ideal and are fearless in accepting the burden in realizing this ideal. The Ku Klux Klan proposition is handled in a straightforward manner, in a way that plays not with words, in a way that does not seek to conceal real thoughts under profuse and meaningless phrases. The article about watches should be brought before the eyes of many. The idea of letting children observe the workings of a watch as a means of keeping restless children quiet, is no doubt, an innovation to many, and would be welcomed by many distracted mothers. We were most pleasantly surprised by the editorial on *Christian Womanhood*. The writer says: "The morals of men are what women make them." In approving of this statement we do not wish to hide behind skirts to conceal our own faults, but it has always been our private opinion that women have a great deal to do with the way men behave themselves. We were very much gratified to learn that there are some who are not afraid of the task of making the men better.

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We wonder if a little suggestion could be made to the writers of *College Days*. It has to do with the verses. We like the verses such as they are. But they savor too much of the nursery rhyme. Why not cut down on the quantity and strive more for quality? We feel that, judging from the caliber of the rhymes, these writers with more serious thoughts could turn out some real honest-to-goodness poetry. For instance, a little more of this kind of thought used in describing autumn:

A flash of color,  
A twang in the air,  
And golden-rods blossoming everywhere.

To the author of *Did You Ever Have It?* we should like to express our sympathy, but having read the last line we are forced to ask, "Was it really as bad as that?"



Maybe it is because misery loves company, but we were glad to hear from the **Creighton Chronicle**, that other juniors besides ourselves are faced by the task of vindicating our education. The article was timely and satisfying—to a student. But we think that we could put some questions to the writer that his article would not answer. We have heard so many deprecating remarks about our choice of study, that we ourselves are beginning to become skeptical about its usefulness. Any one not blessed with a college education, is an utilitarian in the extreme and wants the use of each and every study demonstrated to him. The writer in the *Chronicle*, when appealing to the formation of character, uses a good argument as student to student. But the man in the world wants things shown to him, and his approval or disapproval is generally measured on pecuniary balances. We realize that his is not a fair view of the matter, but our critics must be answered, and any hints from the writer on the *Chronicle* will be appreciated.

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Right on the heels of our plea for an answer to the utilitarian demands of the day, comes an article in the **Duquesne Monthly** defending the acquisition of knowledge for knowledge's sake. But the answer does not answer the utilitarian, but rather argues with him. As the writer admits, the number of utilitarian subjects greatly exceeds those of the knowledge for knowledge's sake in the present day school system, which fact only convinces the utilitarian that he is right. We have long been contemplating the keeping of a diary in which we would note down each and every instance in which our knowledge helped us in every-day life. But though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak, and we have never started it. But we are convinced that the utilitarian cannot be argued with, and we can show him a collection of cold facts and statistics showing the practical use of classical knowledge.

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The October issue of the University of Dayton **Exponent** contains two pieces of exceptional merit: a comprehensive historical essay on the life of the late Cardinal Gibbons; and an account of the third general Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which was held at the University, August 18-21, 1921, together with a group picture of all the six hundred delegates. The University of Dayton is to be commended for giving this great movement the encouragement that is its due. A foot-note informs us that the essay

on Cardianl Gibbons took first prize in the Dr. Bernard Kuhlman Prize Essay Contest in American History for 1921. It is an interesting piece of writing both for the subject and the intrinsic merit of the composition. The October number contains only one poem, *Spring and Autumn*, but it makes the reader wish for more of its kind. Another essay or two of the class of the one mentioned, and a short-story would do much to add to the favorable impression produced by the October *Exponent*.



In a letter which William Stanton '21 wrote recently to one of the faculty, he says that he likes Harvard quite well, and that he is getting along splendidly. Will didn't make the football team, but he did make the glee club, and is going to go with this organization on its annual trip. All at S. B. C. are glad to hear of William's progress and success. That he may continue to prosper, is our sincere wish.

Mr. James Begley '05 is good to his Alma Mater. The other day he presented Father Lambert with a check of \$500, a gift to the Scholasticate. We know he has been thanked already; but the college paper of whose staff Mr. Begley was formerly a member cannot refrain from adding another hearty *Thank You* plus fifteen *Rahs* for this big-hearted alumnus.

Although Michael Quigley, Master of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, in the State of Kansas is not an alumnus of St. Benedict's, he is a loyal friend of the college. On his staff are two former students who come in for mention as being valuable assistants to the Master of the Fourth Degree. Not only in K. of C. work do they shine. They are succeeding in the business world too. Of course their names must be mentioned, so here they are: John McGrath, of Atchison, and John Duncan of Shannon, one of Atchison's most prosperous suburbs. The former is in the mercantile business with his father, the latter with the Symns Grocery Co. Both are sterling young

men, and old S. B. C. is justly proud of them. Mr. Quigley has good judgment.

Another young man who has made a good start up the ladder of success is Theodore Wolters '21. "Ted" is working for the Dolan Mercantile Company of Atchison. We are glad to hear this news about him and trust he may continue to prosper.

Frank Miller '17 is working in the circulation department of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He likes his work and all his old friends are pleased to know that he is doing well.

Charles L. Kurtz, '98 is still 6 feet five inches tall, still stationed at Camp Mead, Md., and is still a loyal alumnus of S. B. C. While here in the West visiting recently he called at the college, and addressed the students. Sergeant Kurtz's talks are always interesting. We hope he will come again.

The *Kansas City Times* for November 1 reports that Johnny Allen, '10 formerly of Atchison, was in K. C. for the Legion Convention. Johnny is one of the S. B. C. alumni who distinguished himself during the war. He has the credit of saving the life of Col. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. at Soissons. At the battle of Cantigny John's neck was broken by shrapnel; but he has borne his misfortune with wonderful courage. The S. B. C. friends of John are glad to hear that he has been granted a well-earned war risk award.

Do you happen to need any baskets? If so, Joseph Schier '01, head of the Hawkeye Basket Mfg. Co., will supply you. This firm is one of the largest and most prosperous of its kind in the country.

Mr. Schier is not the only alumnus who is doing a large business. When on his eastern trip lately Mr. Leo Nusbaum of Atchison met a former student of S. B. C., Paul Delaney '98. Mr. Delaney has a large foodstuff plant at Brockton, N. Y.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Joseph J. Smith '07 upon the arrival of a charming little daughter at his home in Atchison recently. Mr. Smith is in the meat market business with the Ruhlman firm.

Will and Raymond Nass, '18 and '14 are meeting with success in their work for Atchison business concerns. The former has a good position with the Locomotive Finished Material Co.; the latter with the Harwi Hardware Co. We are glad to hear you are doing well, boys. Keep it up!



The health of Howard Wallenstein '06 has not been good lately and he recently spent several weeks in Colorado. We are glad to report that he has returned feeling much improved, and is at his regular work with his father in the Boston Store.

Leo Jacobs '18 has decided to enter the jewelry business with his father Mr. Ben Jacobs. Wishing to prepare himself well for the trade Leo recently took a course in horology in a school at Peoria, Ill. We're bound to say he is now **some** horologer. In other words if your watch is ailing, take it to Leo, and he will apply his horological science to it and you will have no more trouble with it.

October 1 George L. Stork, '18 became cashier of the National Bank of Alma, Kansas. Probably very few young men of George's age get to hold such a responsible position. Congratulations on your climb, George!

Another young "S. B. C. banker" is doing things. Max F. Mock '15 has the job of cashier of the Citizen's State Bank of Paxico, Kansas. Belated report also gave that Max was married last June. Good wishes are better late than never; and so here they are—hearty and many of them.

Vincent Holland, '15 a prosperous young lawyer of K. C. visited S. B. C. Thanksgiving Day. Other old boys to come back on that day were Thomas O'Meara, '17 and Joseph Hearst '17. Tom is making good with the Wheeler-Motter Co. in St. Joe and Joe is on the staff of the *News Press*. Come again, all!

John Creagan, '20 has a good position with the National Bank of Commerce in Kansas City, Mo.

Joe Hovorka, 10 enroute to his home in Milwaukee, stopped in to see his friends at S. B. C. Call again, Joe.

George Hainley (20) is the manager of the F. W. Hainley Hardware Co, at Portsmouth, Ia.

Charles Coghon (18) has half interest in his brother's farm near Dunlap, Ia.

Theo. Bishop is the proprietor of a flourishing restaurant at Portsmouth, Ia.

Joseph Coupe (21) and Daniel Sullivan (19) were both up for the Graceland game. Joe and Dan are neighbors at Effingham and among other things they are farming.

Leo Debes and Wenzel Beran, both of (17) are deep in philosophical speculation at St. Meinrad's. We have this bit of news from Leon McNeill. Thanks, Mac. Write again.

Eugene "Sprout" Kelly (19) and Maurus Burns (19) are attending the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan. Sprout is taking a course in milling chemistry. We have not heard just what course Maurus is taking.

Leo Green (17) is the senior partner in the sporting goods firm of the Green and Carlin at Salina, Kans.

The happiest day in the life of Frank Pierce (12) of Hastings, Neb. was the 29th of June. Frank was united in marriage to Miss Mary Donahy of Marysville, Kans. The ceremony was performed at Marysville.

Lawrence Grennan (18), brother of Jim and "Speedy" Grennan, is foreman at J. F. Grennan Produce Co. of Garnett.

Whenever you are down Duran way—New Mexico—look up Isidor Coury, (21), who is manager of the Coury Merc. Co.

One of the efficient cogs in the Kansas City Southern's offices is Matthias "Red" Molitor (19). Red is one of those faithful fellows who believe in paying us a visit every now and then.

In several last issues of the *Abbey Student* we have mentioned the names of many of the old S. B. C. students at Kenrick Seminary. But at least one was missing; that of Clement Nacke (17). Clement was studying at St. Paul's but was transferred to Kenrick on account of illness.

Carl Kemme (18) in a letter to Father Claude tells us that all of the old S. B. C. students at Kenrick are doing very nicely. It is also worth mentioning that we now have twenty-two alumni at Kenrick.

The old friends of Harold Manion (17) are very glad to hear that he has a good position with an engineering firm.

One of the best grocery stores in Kansas City, Kans., is at Eighth and Central streets. The reason is that Edmund Kanceryista (17) is the owner.

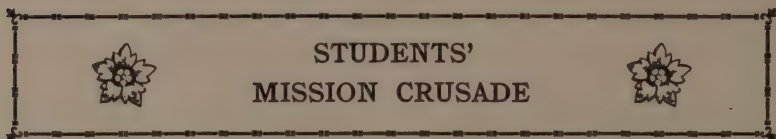
Lawrence McGlinchy (21) is the manager of the Sunnyside stock farm at St. Marys, Kans. Mac feeds a very choice breed of stock, it is said.

John Kneib (21) shows the proper S. B. C. spirit. He says that he just cannot be without the *Abbey Student*. He also sends his best regards to his old friends at St. Benedict's.

### OBITUARY

Joseph Hinnen is dead. This sad news sped from mouth to mouth November 2. He had gone hunting with some of his young friends, and the accidental discharge of a rifle had sent a bullet through his heart.

Joseph was fifteen years old. He enrolled this year in first Academic, and by faithful and steady work had proved that he was a student from whom good things were to be expected. Not only was his scholastic work satisfactory: he showed marks of high character and splendid ideals. His death is mourned by all his S. B. C. friends and professors. The *Abbey Student* extends heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace!



### *Joseph Staudinger*

To stir again into flame the smoldering mission spirit among the students, a meeting was called on Sunday, November, 13.

At eleven o'clock the members of St. Bede's Hall assembled in their study hall, where the informal gathering was held. The meeting opened with prayer followed by the reading of the minutes by the secretary Mr. Martin. The president, Mr. Senecal, then explained the purpose of the meeting, stating that it was to arouse mission activities and decide upon some plan for aiding them financially. The president suggested, that the operation of the candy-stand, as conducted last year, be abandoned, and instead, let each member deposit weekly, as much as he feels capable of laying aside, which would be collected by a member of the unit at a specified time.

N. Martin, not favoring the proposition greatly, suggested that raffles be held. This met with unanimous approval at first, but then also became a subject of discussion. Being unable to reach any definite conclusion, both propositions were left to a vote and carried by two-thirds majority.

Mr. Zodrow, for the sake of diversion, proposed that a drama be staged. Owing, however, to the scarcity of time, a committee of five was appointed by the president to settle the matter, and several other minor details not definitely decided upon in the meeting.



With such animated meetings to stir up spirit, St. Benedict's Unit will certainly have a sufficient stimulant to do its share toward financially aiding the missions.

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Answering the cablegram from the Papuan Islands, four missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, are leaving San Francisco on Dec. 5 for New Guinea. These sisters will take up the work of teaching the native children and converts. The sisters are: Srs. Clara, Matritia, Dolorosa, and Frances. These are the first American sisters to leave for foreign missions.

As a result of mission enterprise carried on for several years at Immensee in Switzerland, the Swiss Seminary for foreign Missions is the latest, says the *Field Afar*.

The missionaries in Kochow, China, have suffered a second siege within a half year. Kochow has been captured. The missionaries' quarters were entered by the Kwangsi soldiers, who broke into the sacristy scattering the vestments. The altar cards were broken, yet the Sacred Host had however, been consumed by the fathers upon realizing their danger.

In the *Far East*, we read that some months ago a native Protestant minister and his entire congregation of over ninety families applied to a Chinese mission priest to be received into the Church.

The report of the Augustinian Missions in Northern Hunan, showed that there were 33 priests, 13,000 christians, and more than 20,000 catechumens. This gives evidence of the wonderful spread of the Faith among the Chinese.

From a recent issue of the *America* we gather some late data concerning the missions in India. Conversions in different cities range from five hundred to five thousand per year. Furthermore we find that some cities have doubled their original population several times the last thirty-five years through conversions. Among the natives priestly vocations are ever on the increase.

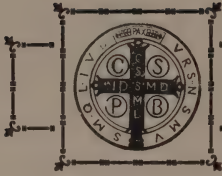
In a letter in the *Daily American Tribune*, Fr. P. Buissink calls upon our generosity for the Guatemala missions: 1) because of the fifty years persecution and its damages, 2) because of recent earthquakes, and 3) because of the active Protestant propaganda. Fr. Buissink's mission numbers thirty-five thousand.

More soldiers into the fray! Recently twenty Jesuits and Scholastics reached Shanghai enroute to the Phillippines. American Jesuits intend to have one hundred priests on the Islands within one year.

Fr. McHugh of Tsai Tien has a rather large catechism class. On certain evenings over two hundred men attend it.

American dioceses lead! The diocese of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have contributed the largest amounts to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith within the last year. Lyons in France formerly stood foremost.

Have you purchased your Xmas seals yet? If not get them. Here's what they will do. The Society of the Divine Word has negotiated for the purchasing of a new Novitiate in Wisconsin. It will be called the "House that the Seals built," because the money will be raised through the sale of seals.



## College Chronicle

### Faculty and Abbey Notes

Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., and president of the American Cassinese Congregation of Benedictines, was a visitor at the Abbey November 9 to 11. He came for the purpose of presiding at the election of the new coadjutor Abbot.

On account of the illness of Father Edwin, pastor of St. Bede's Church, Kelly, Kansas, Father Mathias officiated there Nov. 20.

Father Malachy took in the K. U. - M. U. game at Lawrence on Thanksgiving Day.

Father Leonard assisted Father Edward Wagner at Shelby, Nebr. on the feasts of All Saints and All Souls.

November 1 Father Felix made a trip to Richfountain, Mo., and returned with a valuable Indian collection, the gift of Father Schramm, pastor at that place. This collection is one of the best gifts that have been made to the college museum in the last few years.

Fathers Benedict and Leonard took in the Fourth Degree in the Knights of Columbus at Leavenworth Nov. 20. Father Director was a speaker at the banquet following the exemplification.

Father Gilbert writes encouraging news from Tuscon, Arizona. He now weighs 183 pounds and is feeling well. He spent the summer in California and saw many wonderful sights in that wonderful land. The *Abbey Student* hopes that Father Gilbert may continue to improve and that he may soon be restored to his former health and vigor.

Very Revs. Francis Orr, Maurice Burk, and Rev. Martin Krompotic of Kansas City, Kansas, and Patrick McNerny of Topeka were at the Abbey during the past month on work connected with the revision of the diocesan statutes.

The Rt. Rev. John Ward, D. D., Bishop of Leavenworth presided at the annual examination of the junior clergy at the Abbey November 10. Very Rev. Fathers Maurice Burk of Kansas City, and Bernard Kelly of Leavenworth assisted in the examination.

This examination brought back to their Alma Mater Father Arthur Phelan, assistant pastor at the Cathedral, Leavenworth, and Father Albert Dixon, pastor at Fidelity, Kansas.

Father Bonaventure is in charge of the new college bi-weekly *The Rambler*. Three issues that have appeared give promise of a bright and successful future.

Father Director attended the funeral of the late Reverend Edward Bolger in St. Joseph, November 18.

### Free-Days

The boys are having a deal of free lately. Thursday, November 10, owing to the election of the Coadjutor Abbot, the classes were necessarily suspended. Football practice characterized the morning. In the afternoon, a game among the leagues was held that furnished a recreation for the number of visiting priests, as well as for the students themselves.

The following day, November 11, Armistice Day, was celebrated in accordance with the President's wishes. Despite the cold weather and foot ball bruises, etc., St. Benedict's was well represented at the parade. Dinner was not served till twelve thirty, to accommodate the boys in the parade. A very large crowd attended the lively game on the college grid at two thirty in the afternoon.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Lemon was to dive from an airplane into the Missouri River, Friday October 21, Father Director gave us free. The event was a feature of Atchison's Harvest Home Week. The crowd on the hill was fairly large, and eagerly kept its eyes on the planes as they circled about. At four the bell recalled the boys to their studies, much refreshed by the autumn air and the thrills given them by the two planes.

### "More Sinned Against Than Sinning"

On the evening of November 2, the Shakespeare Dramatic Club presented *More Sinned against than Sinning*. It was staged in the St. Louis College Auditorium. Clarence Smith did



the stellar work of this Irish Drama in prolog and 3 acts. Father Isidore deserves credit for the masterly way in which the members handled their roles. Honorable to mention, including Smith, are B. Sause, and M. O'Shea. All, however, did exceptionally well, so that we do not hesitate to hold this production as a model of amateur dramatics. The Elite Orchestra of the College rendered the evening the more enjoyable by means of well selected pieces. Cast of Characters:

Squire Hilton, a Landlord—L. Considine; Marmaduc, his Son,—J. H. Baker; Aphonsus Belhaven, a characteristic Land Agent—B. Sause; Dick Harvery, his Assistant—J. Turley; Teddy O'Neill, a Sprig of the ould Sod—M. O'Shea; Major Lookout, a jolly good Fellow—C. Smith; Captain De Balzac, a Remnant of the Empire—O. Sullivan; Smugglers: Andy—A. Fladung; Joe—L. Sharon; Tom—H. Mittelbach; Servant and Guard—H. Hall.



## ATHLETICS

*John Turley*

### *S. B. C. 28—Graceland College o*

Armistice Day, St. Benedict's evened up an old score with Graceland by a 28—0 shutout. Baker began the scoring in the second quarter when he completed Morley's 20-yard pass and put the ball over. In the third quarter, Roth climbed through the line and blocked Erwin's punt. Green recovered the ball behind the line. Following Morley's 40-yard end run, Captain Baker slammed through tackle 12 yards for another six points. Quigley dove over the line for the fourth counter. Morley kicked three goals, Quigley one. Comparatively very little passing was done, the college boys completing four out of thirteen to the visitors' four out of twelve. Captain Baker carried away the laurels for the day. Long runs right thru the line, crashing line smashes and an uncanny ability to jerk Morley's passes out of the air featured his offensive work. On the defense, his tackling was deadly and sure. Eymann, only recently back in the game, was a consistent ground gainer and a steady punter. Quigley and Morley were the other big cogs in the ground gaining machine. The line was literally an "iron-fence", Moroney, Pratt, Roth and Nass opening big holes

and tackling behind the line. Travis, Erwin, Johnson and Muceus offered real opposition to the Purple and White. The lineup:

<i>St. Benedict's</i>		<i>Graceland College</i>
Bendon	RE	Booker
Green	RT	R. Smith
Putthoff	RG	Snethen
Schwartz	C	Anderson
Jacobs	LG	Smith, Reginald
Senecal	LT	Muceus
Roth	LE	Harper
Baker <i>capt.</i>	QB	Anway
Morley	RH	Walden
Dorney	LH	Erwin
Eymann	FB	Travis

*Substitutions:* Nass for Jacobs, Moroney for Senecal, Pratt for Bendon, Quigley for Baker, Baker for Dorney, Nusbaum for Putthoff, Curry for Morley, Johnson for Travis, Travis for Erwin, Hartnell for Muceus, Muceus for Walden.

*Officials:* Referee—Hoopes; Umpire—Proctor; Head-linesman—Warner; Timekeeper—Fields; Scorer—B. Sause.

*S. B. C. 14—Chillicothe Business College 19*

Despite their advantage in weight, the beefy Chillicothe team had to work hard November 4, to win their 19—14 victory. The visitors piled up all their scores in the first half. W. Miller, on a line smash, Hays and Letter, on passes, did the scoring for the Chillicotheans. C. Miller kicked one goal. In the second half, the Purple and White team went into the game with fire in its eye. Baker ripped open the line for big gains, while Morley tore off yardage around the ends. Baker scored the first touch-down on an end run. Morley's educated toe sent the ball over the cross-bar. Quigley annexed the next counter on a line smash. Morley accounted for the other point with a perfect kick. The game ended with the boys steadily working toward the goal line. A few minutes more would have meant victory. Both teams resorted frequently to heaving tactics, S. B. C. competing 5 out of 25 and the Missourians 7 out of 32. Baker, Morley, and Sander were the stars of the day. Captain Yebba and Sandy featured on their terrible attacks on the visitor's line. In the last half, Morley raced around the Chillicothe ends for big gains. Pratt, Moroney and Roth did the heavy work on the line. W. Miller, Hay, Search and Letter starred for the visitors. The lineup:

<i>St. Benedict's</i>		<i>Chillicothe</i>
Dorney	RE	Hilden
Nusbaum	RT	Goodson
Pratt	RG	Wiggins
Kelley	C	Leibroch
Nass	LG	E. Miller
Moroney	LT	Hubbard <i>cap.</i>
Roth	LE	Hay
Quigley	QB	Payne
Morley	RH	W. Miller
Baker <i>capt.</i>	LH	Search
Sander	FB	Letter

*Substitutions:* Schwartz for Kelley, Baker for Quigley, Eymann for Baker, Pratt for Dorney, Putthoff for Pratt, Curry for Morley, Senecal for Nusbaum, Quigley for Baker, Morley for Curry, Nusbaum for Senecal, Dorney for Pratt, Roth for Sander, Jacobs for Roth, Eymann for Dorney, Young for Miller, Thunder for Search.

*Officials:* Referee—Menz (K. C., Mo.); Umpire—Warner (Atchison); Headlinesman—Chandler (Atchison); Timekeeper—Turley; Scorer—B. Sause.

### *Reds 26—Blacks 7*

On November 10, the *Reds* defeated the *Blacks* by a 26—7 score. The first half was well played and the teams were evenly matched. But in the second half, the *Reds* had a comparatively easy time in snowing the *Blacks* under. The *Reds'* first touchdown came on a short pass to Wolters by Grennan and Grennan kicked goal. A few minutes later, Dorney completed Turley's 10-yard pass and put the ball on the one yard line. Schroll went over and Klieson kicked goal. On two excellent end runs by Reiff, netting 50 yards and on Grennan's plunging, the *Reds* brought the ball up the field, and after some stiff fighting, Grennan smashed through for another touchdown but missed goal. In the second half, the *Reds* started out with a rush, and in a few minutes, Reiff had crossed the line. Grennan kicked goal. Unable to make much headway against the fiery *Reds*, the *Blacks* surrendered the ball on downs. Grosdidier lugged the ball over for the final touchdown. Grennan's kick went wild. Schumacher, Reiff, Grennan and Grosdidier in the backfield and Wolters and Wilson starred on the *Red* team. Dorney, Turley, Voet, Schroll and Klieson fought gamely to stem the *Reds'* attack. Turley's deadly tackling was about the best exhibition of safety work seen this year, and aided by Voet and Dorney, kept many a squirming *Red* from adding up yardage.

### *Blues 15—Blacks 14*

November 3, the *Blue* team won a hard fought victory from the *Blacks*. Nine points for the victors were registered by Easterday with three well directed drop-kicks. J. D. Baker made the only touchdown for his team on Helget's 25-yard pass. Carroll missed the kick. In the second quarter, Schroll raced 30 yards around end, bringing the ball within 4 yards of the goal. Turley put it over on the famous "P. D. Q." formation. In the last quarter, Dorney completed Schroll's 20-yard pass and made the second touchdown. Klieson kicked both goals. For the winners, Easterday was the individual star with his marvelous dropkicking. J. D. Baker on defense and Fladung, Helget and Carroll on offense played steady and consistent football. Schroll, on long end runs and Turley, on smashing line plunges, were the stellar ground gainers for the *Blacks*, with Dorney offering keen competition. Klieson played the best defensive game for the losers.

#### *Blacks*

Sherman	LE
Klieson	RE
Halling	LT
Harrington	RT
Hall	LG

#### *Blues*

Schwartz
J. D. Baker
Nusbaum
Kean
Gerard



Bilimek	RG	Brazzell
Herndon	C	Friedman
Voet	RH	Easterday
Turley	LH	Fladung
Schroll	FB	Helget
Dorney	QB	Carroll

*Referee*—P. Malachy; *Umpire*—Nass; *Headlinesman*—Schumacher;  
*Timekeeper*—Schumacher; *Scorer*—Rottering.

### *Reds 27—Blues 14*

The decisive game of the season was played when the *Reds* clashed with the *Blues*, November 16. A 27—14 score decided the contest in favor of the *Reds*. This victory gives the *Reds* the pennant. The lighter *Red* team gave the sidelines quite a surprise when they started a whirlwind attack on the *Blues'* line. Grosdidier and Grennan brought the ball within striking distance and Grennan crashed through for the first touchdown. A high wind spoiled Grennan's place-kick. Some long passes by the *Blues* took the ball down into the *Red's* territory. Nash slammed the line and, after stiff-arming several opponents, planted the ball behind the line on one of the prettiest runs seen on the Senior grid-iron this season. Grennan kicked goal. In the second half, Grosdidier skinned through tackle for another counter. Grennan added another point with a well-placed kick. The *Blue* team brought the ball up to the 8 yard line and Fladung did the necessary work. Easterday accounted for the other point. Grennan went through tackle for the last touchdown and kicked goal. Grennan, Reiff, Gosdidier, played a star game for the *Reds*. Easterday, Fladung, Nash, Carroll, and J. D. Baker were the chief causes of worry for the *Reds*. The lineups:

<i>Reds</i>		<i>Blues</i>
Sullivan	LE	Schwartz
M. Martin	LT	Gerard
Heintzleman	LG	Nusbaum
Rauth	C	Friedman
Wilson	RG	Brazzell
Dixon	RT	Kean
Wolters	RE	Baker
Grosdidier	LH	Helget
Grennan	RH	Easterday
Reiff	FB	Nash
Schumacher	QB	Carroll

*Substitutions*: Gassman for Sullivan, Fladung for Helget, Kreifels for Schwartz, Schwartz for Nusbaum.

*Referee*—Fr. Reginald; *Umpire*—Morley; *Headlinesman*—Dorney;  
*Timer*—Grier; *Scorer*—Borserine.

### The Varsity—1921

In spite of a few defeats, it's some team, we'll tell the world. There's not a single score to be ashamed of.

Captain Baker led the team along very successfully. He's right there with the goods. His smashing line-plunges and phenomenal pass-nabbing stamp him a stellar performer.

Leave it to Tommie when it comes to headwork. And the way he returns punts—say boy, ain't it great?

Father Malachy's find in Morley, ex-center, showed some real speed and expert stiff-arming on those wide, ground-gaining end runs.

Through injuries, Eymann was out of the game most of the season, but he showed some class when he got back in.

Sandy's accurate passing, line-smashing and tackling can't be beaten anywhere. Everybody knows what the captain of the Doane team said, too.

Roth, Merwick, and Dorney, star ends, spell long passes and hard tackles. 'Nuff said. Results speak for themselves.

Pratt and Moroney, new men on the line, seemed to develop a dislike for the gains of their opponents very easily, and of course they stopped them immediately.

Baldy's advanced age didn't prevent him from playing a steady game at center. How does he climb thru the line for all those tackles that he gets—oh, ever so often?

And in the general round of applause, don't forget to give a hand to Nusbaum and Nass, our Atchison line-men. They're the boys that open up those big holes in the line. May their tribe increase.

And there are the subs, always waiting for a chance to go in and do their best in case a regular gets knocked out. You've all read poems etc. about the varsity taking it out on the subs but we don't handle them that rough down here.

Last of all, and by no means the least important, we all take off our hats to Father Malachy, the good-natured, and capable coach of the best football team that St. Benedict's ever had.

We almost forgot Doc, our expert scorekeeper. He was in every game, working hard to keep track of the big gains made by the Purple and White (and it was some job, too.)

### And They Took Up Golf!

*John Turley*

What's the national past-time among the prefects? Golf!! We view with alarm the ever increasing popularity of the game. What if they should take up that which is considered a necessary asset to every golfer—sweating? And we further hope and pray that Heaven will preserve them from another golfing evil, namely, betting. It would be very undignified, to say the least, if we should see our reverend prefects and professors playing a four ball syndicate for a cigar a point! But we feel confident that such evils will not creep in.

The course is located north of the college in the pasture. Father Edmund and Doctor Lilly first foresaw the possibilities of a golf course. Afterwards it turned out that the pasture was once used for that very purpose. Father Edmund dug and excavated and spaded and raked and rolled until all nine holes were unearthed. The clubs were purchased, the ball teed

up and Father Edmund's name goes blazing down the pages of S. B. C. history as the first to play on St. Benedict's golf course. Fathers Leonard, Pius, Pascal, Mark, Malachy and Callistus have since taken up the game. In spite of the accomplishments of the others, Father Mark is the undefeated champion although no tournaments have been held. But with the advent of spring, we look for a series of close and interesting clashes. By this time golf fiends will have had a chance to become a little more expert in "cracking the little pill on the nose" and will be able to give Father Mark some real competition. Father Leonard and Father Mark hold the record for the course. They both went around in 40.

Speaking of the course, it must be admitted that it is rather rough and that there are a great many unnatural hazards since the course has to serve the double purpose of golf-course and pasture. At first, they played winter rules, which allowed them to lift the ball out of unusually rough spots. But Father Mark got too good and made low scores that a meeting was held and the majority ruled that winter rules should be abolished. Only one difficulty lay in the road to perfect "golfic" happiness. How shall we get out of the ruts? The question was solved by buying a mashie and all set about to perfect themselves in the art of plowing out of the bunkers.

But, speaking seriously, the movement golfward should be encouraged among the faculty. It gives them a chance to get exercise and fresh air and relieves them of their onerous duties of prefecting and teaching. If you will stop to consider, you can easily see how little exercise prefects and professors get. Some maintain an indifferent attitude to the game, but we're willing to wager a box of asbestos kindling against a plaster-paris football helmet that it won't be many moons till they're all converted.



## LOCALS

### St. Gregory's Hall—*B. Easterday*

—That test in supper reading brought out many latent talents.

—One of Begley's answers was: "If you don't know how to work a problem, consult the dictionary."

—The hobby of stamp collecting is romping all over the study hall.

—Fladung and Hogan know how to start people out right in life.



—Sully's favorite: "Razzzz Berries".

—The prefect shook Doc's bed, and then came Doc's great downfall.

—Ask Barney what will happen in two generations.

—Nusie was caught napping.

—Several of the fellows went in to see Father Lambert as to whether it was all right to stay outside after the bell rang.

—But a Victrola concert immediately after, brightened things up a bit.

—We walked clear out to Doniphan, turned around and walked right back again.

—Mike can't make both ends meet. His gloves are too short and his coat sleeves don't come down far enough.

—Fladung is thinking seriously of putting on the "Pinafore."

—"But when the breezes blow."

—Hogan upset the dope. He didn't have to kneel out for almost a week.

—Begley, surnamed the "dog-catcher," took in seventeen in one day.

—Farrell and Kinish must have lost the way. Six o'clock is a bad time to be getting in.

—Three promoters for the Apostleship of Prayer, Carroll, Kieffer and L. Sause, received their crosses and diplomas on October 30. The new members of the hall also received their badges.

—Our visitors for the month were: Mr. P. J. Sullivan, Mrs. J. E. Sullivan, Rita, Nellie and Elizabeth Sullivan of Mercier, Kansas and Mrs. W. B. Craddock, of Kansas City, Missouri.

#### ST. BEDE'S HALL—*John A. Kean*

—*Grosdidier*—"What are you saying about Eudora?"

*Staudinger*—"Oh, shut your door and close up."

—Can you imagine: Doman without a skull cap? Lohe studying? Fat Reiff not shouting? Hagenhoff without his adopted phrase, "otherwise"? Mergen not whistling? Matt Martin not grinning? Zodrow out of bed on time? Earl Stinnet courting a maid? John Kean clean shaven?

—*Question*—"Did the basketball get your wind?"

*Ans.*—"No, the running did."

—"I bet you hated to lose that ring."

"I always hate to lose a dime."

—*Heintzelman*—"Do you chew out the window?"

—*Talking religiously:*

*Joe*—"Are you a prophet?"

*Earl*—"No! I am the good smart un (Samaritan).

—Joseph Putthoff is a fine looking soldier. He was the chief attraction of the parade last Armistice Day.

—*Costin*—"The water is smoking."

—Sunday, November 13, the St. Bede's Student Mission Crusaders held a lively meeting.

—"We y'aint got no pep 'tall."

—Bill Beattie is very fond of pigs' feet.

—The sub was ordered to take the place of the player that got hurt by the manager. Beware of Considine!

—*Zodrow*—"It's so cold that the mercury has dropped off the shelf."

—*Joe*—"He can turn around and preach in German, then turn around and speak in French, then turn around and preach in English."

*John*—"Does he have to turn around every time?"

—I wonder what happened to Barry's tooth-picks.

—*After Thanksgiving dinner:* "Oh, that my stomach were larger or that we had less for dinner."

—"Spooks" paid us a short visit Thanksgiving Day.

—*Intruder*—"He was among those mutts that were vaccinated."

*Staudinger* (having been vaccinated)—"says which?"

—*Georges* (touching a radiator)—"Haven't they any fire in this thing?"

—*Heard on the football field*—"We don't consider the hypothesis here."

—There are some in here who "perspire" to high things.

#### ST. ALOYSIUS LOCALS—*John Grier, James Purcell*

—Someone get Beckman an arm chair.

—Stitz says that he can't go to sleep till after 9:30 at least.

—*Hennessy*—"Look at Atchison!"

*Doc*—"Where!"

—Debbrecht sure loves chicken liver!

—Who won the Kansas-World game?

—Oats has now become accustomed to getting caught smoking.

—If you want to hear arguments, listen to Nash and Kraus in the dormitory.

—At a football game, Pete—"Hold 'em—Hold 'em"

*Schumacher*—"If you do, you'll get penalized."

—Vaccination,—that's the only thing that seems to take effect on McElgunn.

—Who is going to promote a Williams-Carrol match?

- Saxon took the cake, but "Moses" got the frosting.
- Perfectly good stamps for sale.—See Purcell or Randolph.
- Wanted:—someone to organize an organization, so we can call him the originator.
- Plenty of new sweaters floating around on student shoulders.
- "Nigger" came back to see his old side steps, "Butts" and "Bill".
- "Doc" rooted for Leavenworth:—he sure did hate to see the score roll up so fast.
- Nathomb was vaccinated twice, once for black small pox and once for yellow.
- Schneiderwind challenges anyone to a game of billiards, providing he is spotted twenty.
- Long ago (it seems) many said, "Sure I'm going home Thanksgiving!" How time changes minds.
- First Student*:—"What's going to happen next week?"
- Second Student*:—"I don't know."
- First Student*:—"Neither do I."
- You members of the Mission Crusade, think of the good you could do by putting that tinfoil you throw away each afternoon into that box on the table, this all adds up, and thereby becomes useful to missionaries in obtaining money to carry on their noble work in the missionary countries.
- As this is the last issue before Christmas, we wish you all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
- Will young Schenk succeed in the pool hall?
- Arensberg thought Thanksgiving was going to be on Friday.
- Can you beat it? Beat, beat Sims eating beets, and now he's taking vocal lessons, to beat the band.
- Mauler had some of the most delicious chocolates,—but it's too late now they are all gone.
- Schuetz wonders why his name isn't in the joke column.
- Leonard, Saindon, and McEvoy bought a pair of trousers, and now they fight about wearing them.
- Did "Fat" join the army? Someone said he could give a good race to the visitor we had some weeks ago.
- Oscar! Manuel wants to see you.
- Bill Burnett has had the honor of being promoted to the head or front of the hall. Don't take the tin foil from the mission box.
- Govreau wonders where Carpentier could win a boxing match.
- "Carrol went home."
- "Which Carroll?"
- "The other one."
- Randolph like the most of us, has given up everything for a stamp collection—even his bird observations.
- Even the editors of this column have been badly infected with the stamp fever—and we fear we have a lecture in store for us.



—If you run across by chance some expressions like this—fifty percent discount—in this column don't worry, as it's only some of this stamp collector's jargon.

—Stitz has found a cure for cold feet or rather—he claims that if you chase around the dormitory to wake a prefect, your problem is solved. It worked fairly well at his first experiment.

—Jack Donahue from Omaha is now a member of our distinguished hall.

—Poor Joe's chair seemed to be under the influence of alcohol. It doesn't seem to be very steady on it's legs.

—Visitors:—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campion, Mr. P. J. Broll, Father Ignatius Stein, Mr. Edmund Eccher, Miss Linda Eccher, Mr. J. E. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Willsey, J. J. Schuetz and family, Raymond Schecher, Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Willsey, Miss Edith Howland, Aloysius Pauly, B. Pauly, Vincent Holland, and Richard Woolfe.

—Thanksgiving is as prosperous for the mail system as Christmas is for the railroads. Oh, well, we're not caring as long as we can get a box.

—Our old friend Woolfe, gave us a short visit Thanksgiving day. He's the same as ever.

—Our slogan isn't "Watch our smoke," by any means!

—We have just decided that this life is wonderful. If we don't write—everybody kicks. If we do—everybody kicks. But every issue, whether we contribute or not—everybody reads.

—Isn't it terrible to be fat? Ask Lynch.

—"Andale" lived all day Thanksgiving on the expectation of a box.

—Say, to tell the truth, don't you feel sorry for the fellow who received only underwear in his Thanksgiving box?

—Another of our Town Slip Applicants! Rev Father Director:—I have a pair of underwear, which I wish to change with your permission.

XYZ.

—"The Old Home Town" cartoons are quite popular here. Perhaps they look natural—who knows?

#### ST. EDWARD'S LOCALS—*Henry Merwick*

To the local readers of St. Edward's Hall.

—I hereby apologize for being so negligent as not to get the locals in for the last issue. But having received a just reprisal from the censor, never again! (unless we go to Sugar Lake some more.)

—J. D. Baker, after one night of leading night prayers, "Never again!" Well, here's hoping.

—Sherman to Merwick, who had borrowed his overcoat for the previous evening, "Say Bugs, how did this powder get on that shoulder."

"Bugs," guiltily, "Oh, that's my sister's."

—Our greatest peculiarity,—Johnny Green's "Bright Eyes."

—After seeing Puthoff Armistice day. "My but we wish we had a uniform."

—Say, if we only had a case of hops to take with this yeast.

—When it come to elocution you've got to hand it (?) to "Speedy."

—"Fritz" Mittelbach went home to try on an overcoat. We can't imagine why Sharon went home. It's too cold for porch swings.

- Morley went home for a few days, and is now catching up on sleep.
- Our inseparable duet—Hitchings and Graham.
- Will wonders never cease? “Bugs” Merwick bought a cap the other day. Here’s hoping he wears it.
- Our champion heart-breaker,—“Yib” Baker.
- “Well,” says “Yib”, as he nibbles some “C. C.” fudge, “It pays to be handsome, sometimes.”
- “Morley’s jealous, “Yib.”
- Our champion sick room “bummers,”—Klieson, Dickson and Graham.
- Baker and Bendon, to “Millionaires’ Row”, “Come on over to our room, gang, we’ve got something shocking to show you.”
- A GREAT RUSH!
- We’ll say it shocked. Ask “Spec” Byrne.
- Are the Varsity sweaters good looking? Well, ask the High School girls.
- To ye would-be or has-been poets;
- We feel that more attention should be given to the very important study of poetry. And we think the reason poetry has been so neglected in the past was the want of a place to publish the attempts.
- You are hereby gladly invited to help make this corner a successful one. Let’s make it a real one.
- Our first attempt at this difficult art will be a little ditty, by that widely known, humorous poet, A. Kongs.
- “The dog stood on the burning deck,  
The flames lept ’round his neck.  
Hot doggie!”

### The Squad of '21

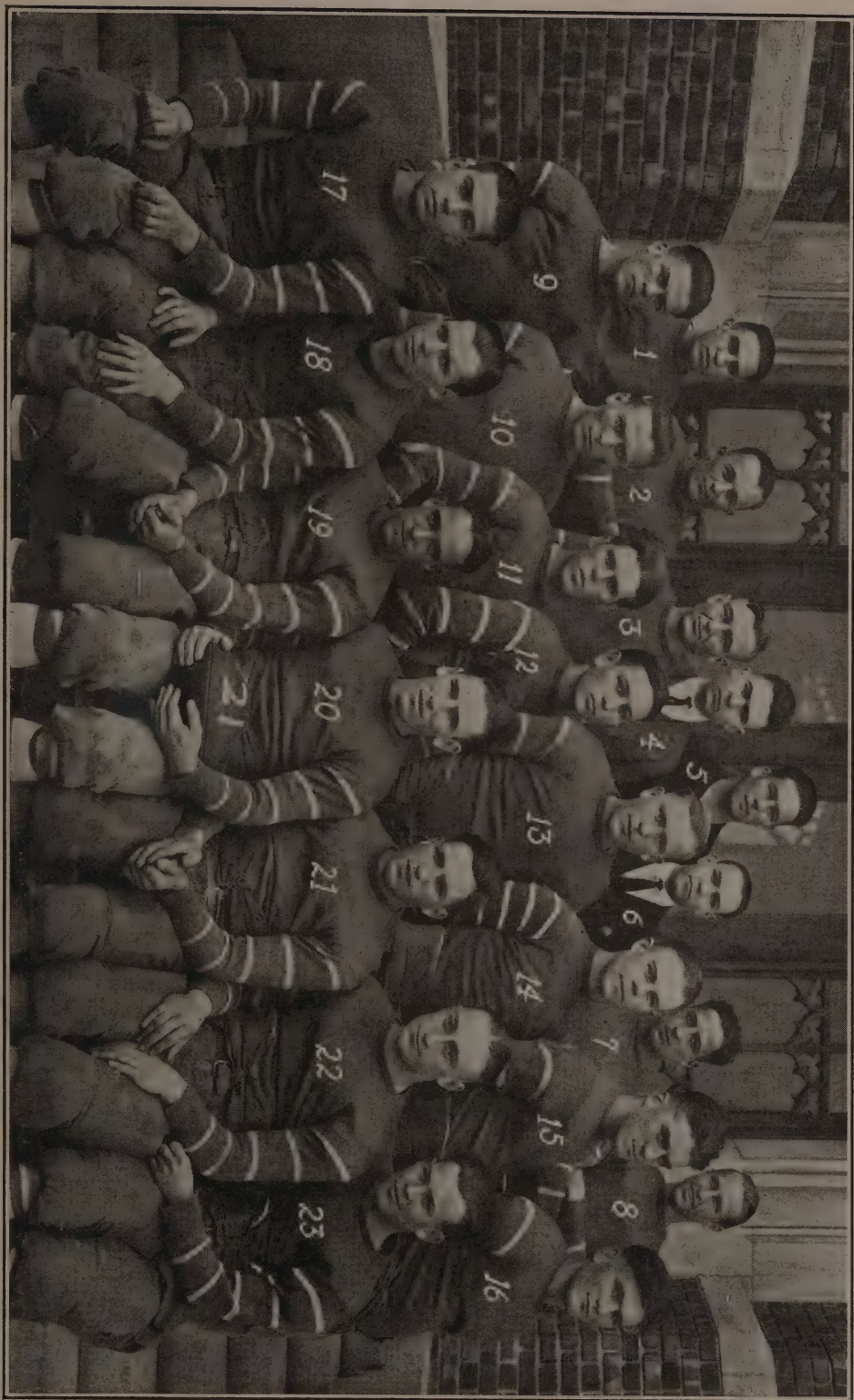
1) Peter A. Bendon, r.e. 2) Edward Jacobs, r.g. 3) Joseph F. Putthoff, l.g. 4) W. L. Considine, (manager) 5) M. Sullivan, (coach) 6) J. Braunger, (ass't mgr.) 7) Lucien Senecal, l.g. 8) Henry J. Merwick, l.e. 9) William Pratt, r.t. 10) John Green, r.g. 11) Leo F. Nusbaum, r.t. 12) Edward Schwartz, c. 13) Aloysius Kelley, c. 14) Gerard Nass, l.g. 15) Vincent J. Moroney, l.t. 16) Anthony Roth, l.e. 17) Cecil Dorney, r.e. 18) Thomas E. Quigley, q.b. 19) Arthur Eymann, f.b. 20) James H. Baker, l.h. (captain) 21) Aloysius Morley, r.h. 22) Leo P. Sander, f.b. 23) Thomas Curry, r.h.

Average weight, 170 pounds; average age, 19 years.

### DAY DODGERS DOING—*Edward O' Keefe*

- All the D. D.'s have received “dress suits” invitation for the solemn conferring on Willie Aldrich of the Iron Cross which he won by a fluke from our departed friend Haverty.
- Fleming*—“You say you like good jokes?”
- Hayes*—“No, No, the one I hit was a post.”







—Friend Hayes came in contact with a telephone post while riding on Lemon's flivver, but the only serious injury he received was the laughing sickness which is caused by the thorax bumping the spinal chord. That is zoologically speaking.

—Look out for our arms. We are all vaccinated.

—*Harned*—"You say you broke your watch?"

*Bush*—"No, No, he put me up another notch."

—Ham Alberts looks like a Bacon when he has wieners for breakfast.

—Our study hall famous quartet: Haegelin—*alto*; Nass—*tenor*; Reynolds

—*soprano*; Fleming—*shrill*.

—**Peculiarities:**

Seybold's Double Loaf Bread, Quigley's pipes, Napoleon's rank jokes, the Bell boys, Kramer's white wheeled Ford, Dove's Eagle eye, Haegelin's home brew, Hurley's flour sack, Bilimek's curls, Nelm's free silver act. But we can't get over his laugh.

—**Day Dodger Novelty Jazz Slingers:**

Bowen on the traps, Dorsey on the cornet, O'Keefe on the slide trombone, Nelms on the piano, Hot dogs! some hash!

—Reynolds' ambition is to be an actor; he will soon appear in two plays.



## GLEANINGS FROM ST. BENEDICT'S MAUR HILL

John I. Yeamans—John S. O'Donoghue

—On Thanksgiving eve the boys of Maur Hill presented their first program of the school year. It consisted of elocution recitals, dialogues, and several musical numbers. The program was so varied with serious and amusing parts that it was pleasant and interesting and at the same time contained something worth while. Several of the eleocutional recitals were quite lengthy and the boys deserve a great deal of credit for the interest they showed, and the amount of real work to which they were put in order to learn their parts. A few years of such work will, doubtless, find them well on the road to becoming first rate speakers. The program was as follows:

"Child's Song"—Piano solo by Louis Trant. "A Farm for Sale"—Dialogue by R. Vierheller, James Conway, A. Norton. "King Robert of Sicily"—Recitation by Wm. Campbell, Jno O'Donoghue; "A Sudden Discovery"—by Chas Budd, Kenneth Abell, Allen Norton; "Gualbert's Victory"—Recitation by Frank O'Reilly; "The Joys of Life"—Violin solo by George Crow; "Auntie Hodge's Thanksgiving"—by W. McCool, Paul Ramsay,

Leo Hogue, Louis Trant; "The Gheber's Glen"—Recitation by Thomas Walsh; "The Editor's Busy Day"—Dialogue by Chas. Bennett, Jas. Bennett, Bernard Holbett, George Crow, Fred Worrall; "The Drunkard's Death"—by George Crow; "Two Jay Detectives" Dialogue by Jno. Yeamans, Geo. Hawkins, A. Devine; "Mother Dear, Pray for me"—Duet.

—On account of diseases in Kansas City and towns about, none of the boys made a Thanksgiving visit home. But we had a time of our lives here at Maur Hill. In the morning we first attended a special High Mass of Thanksgiving. Then we went on a short walk to whet our appetites for the turkey. And, oh, the dinner was such too, that it needed a whetted appetite to do it justice. After dinner, we had an improvised track-meet. The winners in the various contets were: J. Walters, L. Hogue, T. Walsh, G. Mullis, C. Linnan, F. O'Rielly, C. Bennett, W. Jacobs, A. Norton, A. Devine, J. Beattie, J. Yeamens, A. Kellog, R. Smith, G. Melcher, and J. O'Donoghue. After the meet all were treated to candies and apples—a treat of Mrs. Marie Walters of Council Bluffs, Ia., and Father Claude.

—Hogue is now practicing to become a sleight of hand performer.

—Shoo, dust, shool you must now make your skiddoo, since Mr. John P. Beuth donated a vacuum cleaner.

—Master William Robertson, of Marshall, Mo., has enrolled at Maur Hill. He more than fills the place vacated by T. Devine.

—On November 10, Maur Hill had the honor of a visit from the Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B., president of the Benediction A. M. C. Congregation. He was accompanied by the Rev. Father Martin, O. S. B., Coadjutor abbot-elect of St. Benedict's Abbey. The boys gave an exhibition drill in honor of the visitors.

—Jacobs was the dark horse of the Turkey-day track meet. His running broad jump was a great surprise. Watch his May Day record.

—The great event of the Thanksgiving track meet, at least the one that brought forth the most merriment, was the Merry Widow 100-yard dash between Mr. Wirthman, Mr. Beattie, Mrs. McCool, Mrs. Walters, and Mrs. Wirthman. The prize stayed in the home town, Mr. Beattie winning, not by running the fastest but by provoking the most laughter.

—We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts:

A vacuum cleaner from Mr. John P. Beuth; an art picture from St. Margaret's Hospital through Sr. Maxentia; a set of the American Encyclopedia from Ira Barth; a pridieu from Miss Katherine Portz.

—Prof.—"What is purgatory?"

Student—"Father, that isn't our lesson. You told us to skip purgatory and go on to hell."

—For two weeks our Reverend Principal, Father Cyril, was in St. Margaret's Hospital.

—On November 17, all the Fathers and boys attended the closing of Forty Hours Devotion at the Sacred Heart Church in west Atchison.

—Andy (passing by a large cemetery)—"Say, Father, do people die here very often?"

Father—"No, Andy, only once."

—Between halves of the Armistice Day St. Benedict's-Graceland football game the M. H. boys gave their second public drill. The spectators enjoyed the drill immensely, for the loud commands of the drill master

were often indistinct on account of the applause. Captain Erny, of course, was the center of the attraction.

—Otto maintains that he likes the write-ups in *The Rambler* all right, but he cannot see any sense in the "Short Column."

—*Gems from Catechism test:* The six commandments of the Church are these seven. We sin against the fifth commandment by getting drunk from gambling. The corporal works of mercy are to give thirst to the drinking.

—Frank is still wondering why everyone laughed when he said that any man that has sense will come from St. Joe to Atchison.

—Erny—"Father, where is the use of reason?"

Father—"Why do you ask?"

Erny—"Our Catechism says we come to the use of reason when we are seven years old and I am seven today. I want to know where to look for it."

—The Holy Name Society has taken it upon itself to distribute the Holy Childhood Christmas stamps. No more appropriate work could be thought of for the approaching Christmas season. The president and consulters have been appointed distributors.

—Father Gabriel is disconsolate over the loss of a pair of pheasants, which were killed by dogs. Another escaped from the pen but after an exciting chase the boys recovered it.

—November 9, Father Albert distributed badges to the new corporals: Butel, C. Bennett, and Hawkins took the places of Devine, Norton and J. Gonzalez.

—During the election of the coadjutor abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fraters from the Abbey substituted for our regular faculty.

—Casey claims drill hurts his broken arm, but playing football is not near so dangerous.

—Jno. Yeamens, G. Melcher and Frank O'Donoghue were awarded badges for having the highest average in their respective classes.

—Charles Gonzalez ordinarily does not know much, but his vocabulary was quite extensive when the prefect left the dormitory.

—Fat—"Do you get only three meals a day around here?"

—Father Albert is thinking of making Campbell chaplain of squad 3.

—You should have seen Andy when his corporalship was taken away.

—Mr. Kurtz, an alumnus of S. B. C. and now the largest man in the U. S. Army paid us a short visit to Maur Hill.

—Kellogg says he isn't scared of Geiss.

—Jerry says he is safe until Coleman Foley comes back.

—Andy—"Father, I didn't do anything."

Father—"That is just the reason why you have an extra drill."

—Christmas pie as a reward to anyone finding Conway not reading a story book.

#### M. H. Company's Honor Roll—

The following have been distinguished by their good conduct, tidiness and order, and have accordingly received merit badges;



Abell, K., Bennett, Chas., Bennett, Jas., Budd, J., Butel, Chas., Campbell, W., Casey, R., Coneay, A., Devine, A., Dobson, W., Gavler, L., Geiss, L., Gilmore, J., Gonzalez, C., Hawkins, G., Hegarty, R., Hogan, T., Hogue, Jas., Jacobs, Wm., Jarmolowitz, J., Martinez, Blas, Martinez, Jos., McCool, W., Melcher, G., Mullis, G., Norton, A., O'Donoghue, J., O'Reilly, F., Rehberg, R., Smith, R., Trant, L., Underwood, E., Vierheller, R., Walsh, T., Wirthman, E., Yeamens, J.

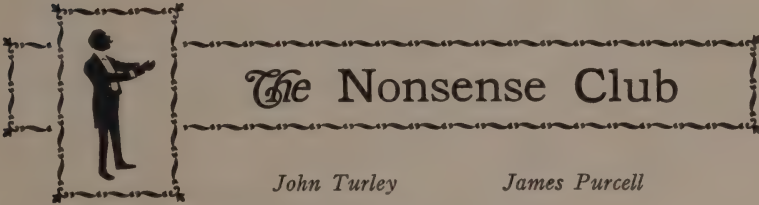
ROLL of HONOR

St. Leo's Hall—

Jno. J. Beattie, Louis A. Gabler, Louis Geiss, Jos. D. Gilmore, Raymond P. Hegarty, James L. Hogue, Wm. Jacobs, KJohn Jarmolovitch, Arthur W. Kellog, Wm. McCool, Gilbert W. Melcher, Frank O'Donoghue, Paul Ramsay, Ernest Roeslein, Otto Roeslein, Robert T. Smith, Louis A. Trant, Ernest Underwood, Jerry Walters, Eugene Wirthman, Wm. F. Robertson, Peter Bivona.

St. Placid's Hall—

J. Kenneth Abell, James Bennett, Charles Budd, Charles Butel, TRaymond Casey, Wm. Dobson, George N. Hawkins, Bernard Holbert, Charles Linnan, Blas Martinez, Gerald Mullis, Allen J. Norton, Frank O'Reilly, Ronert Rehberg, Raymond Vierheller, Thomas Walsh, John Yeamens.



"December"

When days are dark, and nights are cool,  
And the ol' faithful swimmin' pool

No longer looks so nice;

When students ponder o'er their books,  
With scornful and unpleasant looks,  
And lakes are edged with ice;

When Jack Frost paints the window pane,  
And we folks try with might and main  
To keep our bodies warm;

When people wrap themselves up tight,  
In quilts and covers each cold night,  
Of every shape and form;

When daughter tries to "can" with Dad,  
And hints she'd like the "latest fad",

For Christmas—(with a sigh);

When little children freeze their toes,  
And husbands have a real red nose,  
From drinks of "corn "and "rye";

## Abbey Student

When basket ball stars their suits don,  
 And we put heavy "undies" on,  
 And warmer days remember;  
 When Christmas greetings fill the air,  
 And Yuletide crowds rush here and there,  
 You know that it's December. *Edwin Borserine*

*Ontology Prof*—Can pessimists be of any use to the world?

*Green*—Sure. There's Kelley who invented a pair of collapsible crutches to fit in the tool-box of an automobile.

*Tom Curry*—Every hod-carrier has to shoulder his responsibilities.

To step into an open coal hole means that you have a dark and gloomy future.

*Freshman*—Who's playing today?

*Sharon*—Je ne sais pas.

*Freshie*—Ought to be a good game, hadn't it? They've got a pretty good team.

*Fat Lynch*—(seeing his first turtle) "Oh look an animal just stuck his head out of that baseball mitt."

We don't blame anyone for this.

*First student*—I thought you took Latin last year.

*Second student*—I did but the faculty encored me.

Quoth Bonnie Bachofer, as he looked over the football squad, "And Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed as one of these."

Complimentary or—? *Gros*— Was he a good singer?

*Buck*—Was he? Boy, that singing transported me to the infernal regions.

*DeRyke* —(writing a business letter)

Dear Sire;

Send me the price of "Falsely Accused" in four acts.

There came a cold December breeze,  
 Which whistled all around my knees,  
 (I only wore my B. V. D's.)  
 And it was in December.  
 My trousers were both old and thin,  
 For three months wear made them all in,  
 They weren't so warm as they had been  
 Around about September.  
 A chill ran up and down my back,  
 And I could hear my stiff joints crack,  
 My pants were thin! alas! alack!  
 It was a cold December.  
 Oh, some may wish for ice and snow,  
 And some may want the wind to blow,  
 But I, I like a warm fire's glow,  
 Especially in December.

Advice to football players:—If you want to get up with the sun, don't stay out too late with the daughters.

Since the departure of Phil Wegman, Latin poetry has suffered a decline. A campaign is now being held to revive this lost art. Below we present a classic specimen.

Olim lusi a football game.  
 Nihil scio, sed just the same  
 Posui pants upon my carcass,  
 Et alias vestes to get in the fracas.  
 "Amici, milites! Signals! 'Leven,  
 Viginti unus et seventy seven."  
 Dicit a guy called the quarter-back.  
 Mihi dedit the ball et all went black,  
 Unus nux of a guy made a seat of my head,  
 In alvo mea, someone went to bed.  
 Montes in capite, broken bones,  
 Dentes fracti, et sighs et groans,  
 Oculi nigri et plenty of fame.  
 Sed tenui 'nuff of a football game.

*Prof*—Well, Fritz, why don't you know your lesson?

*Fritz*—Oh, I took some Nuxated Iron last week and since I've taken a bath I'm somewhat rusty.

*Prof*—You're looking well today.

*Sandy*—Yes, I'm looking for a guy that owes me two bucks.

*Doc*—(running after an Atchison street car, and seeing the conductor about to wait for him)—"Never mind, I'll get on at the next block."

*Speedy* (excitedly)—We were going so fast we smashed into another team an' it took a wheel off the dog's tail.

*Baker*—Nonsense. Who ever heard of a wheel on a dog's tail? Wagons have wheels.

*Speedy*—Well, this dog's tail was a waggn'.

*Merwick*—Why do they make false eyes of glass?

*Morley*—Well, how else could you see through them?

Wearing a small lump of asafoetida around your neck will keep away small pox—and friends.

Like ball games, taxies are often called on account of rain.

*Prof*—Have you the time?

*Speedy*—What for?

*Yebba*—They say that Eve ate a banana, and not an apple.

*Nusie*—Well, the peel undoubtedly explains the fall of man.

"Jimmie, name our most important canal."

"The alimentary canal."

*Fritz*—I just about went broke buying my girl Pall Malls and Milo Violets, but I finally got her down to Bull Durham.

*Interested Listener*—And did she roll her own?

*Bugs*—Did you see that little deer up in the new building?

*Sandy*—No. Where is she?



## Abbey Student

*Bugs*—Say, come back here. This is d-e-e-r.

*P. Robert*—Now, to create means to make out of nothing.

*Schu*—(protesting) But Father, they speak of a new gown a "creation."

*P. Robert*—True enough, they're made out of almost nothing.

*Green*—They say corporations have no souls.

*Nusie*—How about the shoe trust?

*Speedy*—I didn't see you in church last Sunday.

*Joe*—I don't doubt it, I took up the collection.

*Berry*—They say this game of golf is very healthful.

*Considine*—How can it be, when the players end up with a stroke?

Love is sweet,  
But oh, how bitter  
To love a girl  
Whose face don't fit 'er.—*Sel.*

*Bendon*—Johnnie Green always harps on something.

*Sandy*—I hope he's as fortunate in the next world.

Tom Dorney was getting the life jerked out of him on an Atchison street car. A young lady entered the car, and beheld several passengers quietly smoking. She went up to Tom and asked, "Is smoking allowed on this car?" Tom looked up, surprised, and said: "I ain't heard nothin' against ladies smokin'. I guess it's all right."

There was a young man called "Missouri",  
Who made him a case of home brewery.  
When the judge called his case,  
He averted disgrace,  
By giving the "case" to the jury.—*Ex.*

"Can't you go any faster than this?" exclaimed Emmett Berry, on an Atchison street car.

"Sure," replied the conductor, "but I have to stay on the car."

*Jimmy Grennan* (in a downtown restaurant)—Do you serve chickens here?

*Negro Waiter*—Yes sah, if dey's wif a gentleman escort, sah.

That funny noise heard in class every morning at eleven o'clock is not the steam-pipes cracking, but the fourth Greek class muttering Greek.

*Sharon*—I think I'll start an apiary.

*Coffey*—What's the idea?

*Sharon*—For the benefit of these guys with bees in their bonnets.

"Doc is in the midst of writing another story."

"Yeh, he's got a new wrinkle in his brow."

Sign on the bulletin board:

*Fritz Mittelbach* inquires for a hat lost in or about the premises.

Whatdya mean, Fritz, about?

Chalk my back,  
And soil my duds,  
But for heaven's sake,  
Don't slug my spuds.

*News item*—Morley, while shadow boxing, accidentally blackened the eye of his shadow.

*Prof*—What is crude oil?

*Jimmie*—I'm not sure but I think it's unrefined.

*Prof*—Impolite, eh?

*Bill McMullen*—No sir, I don't tell jokes. Mine is all high class stuff, about as meritorious as Gad Wilkins famous memoirs of an idiot.

My but times have changed. During the time of frontier days if a man reached for his hip pocket everyone ducked. Now they all crowd around him.

*Borleigh*—Nice dog, have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?

*Miss Shay*—Oh yes; if you just whistle he'll fetch your hat.

"Ben, I'm really surprised at you, putting out your tongue at people."

"It was all right mother; that was only the doctor going past."

It is whispered that the real reason Jude Johnson is so happy these days is that he has taken up a correspondence course on the saxophone. He will appear in recital before the Atchison Music Club later in the season.

## BOOK NOTICES

**St. John Berchmans:** By Hippolyte Delhay, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50; Postpaid \$1.60.

The tercentenary of St. John Berchamn's was celebrated November 26 of this year. The appearance of Father Hippolyte Delehaye's *Life of the Saint* was therefore particularly opportune. No one who reads will fail to be grateful to this good Belgian Jesuit for having written this book, and to Father Semple S. J. for having translated it from the French. They have introduced us to a Saint whose life cannot but be an inspiration and help to all who desire to serve God well and to save their souls.

We would recommend this book to all Christians, but especially to our Catholic boys and young men. John Berchmans lived in circumstances that were in many ways similar to those which surround our Catholic youth of today. He had similar duties and met with similar problems. The reading of this ably written life will go a long way toward showing them how they ought to live in order to achieve the one thing necessary."—*L. S.*

**The Boy Who Came Back**—By Rev. John Talbot Smith. Blase Benziger and Co., New York. Price \$1.25; Postpaid \$1.35.

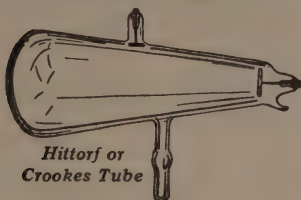
This story by Father Smith is up to his usual standard. There is much in it to make it appeal to all boys, especially to those who happen to fall into evil ways. They can profit by the good lessons this tale sets forth. Lafayette Lawton, the hero gets some hard bumps. He makes mistakes. But he is strong enough to live through it all and to suffer it all, and comes out the right kind of a fellow after all. Although the story teaches lessons, it is a story just the same. It is a true picture of struggles most boys have to endure. And what splendid stories such battles make! Read it, boys, you'll like it and profit by it.—*M.F.O'S.*

**His Reverence—His Day's work**—By Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. Published by Blas Benziger, N. Y. \$.50 net, Postpaid 1.60.

The purpose of this book is to give an idea of the human side of the daily life of a priest. It succeeds. This book opens the door of the rectory it allows you to come near the priest as he works and plays and prays; it lets you see into his heart. Too many of our laymen need a better understanding of the priest's point of view. Here is an opportunity to get it from pages that are charmingly written in a simple graceful style. Not only is it to be recommended to our Catholic laity. It ought to be in the hands of our non-Catholic friends. Many of them would like to know more about the Catholic priest; and very frequently it is hard for them to get that intimate knowledge which this book gives. Reading this book will make them understand our faith better; and it will make them feel more friendly toward the guardians of that faith.

It need scarcely be added that this book will be enjoyed by every priest and every priest who reads it will profit by it.—*R. S.*





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## How Were X-Rays Discovered?

SIR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hitroff or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

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